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HOPKINS AND THE WORD

by



RONALD NORMAN GEORGE MARKEN


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ABSTRACT

It is with Hopkins the poet, Hopkins and the "word" in some of its many manifestations, that this thesis is primarily concerned. The first chapter, "Two Books," attempts to place Hopkins in an historical perspective in terms of the old metaphors of God's self-disclosures: The Book of Scripture and The Book of Nature. Chapter Two, "Logos," begins with the Johannine doctrine that Christ is the Word (logos) and then distinguishes two fundamentally different means of understanding or encountering logos. Chapter Three, "Current Language Heightened," discusses Hopkins's poetic theory, and that topic is extended in Chapter Four's investigations of inscape, instress, and selfhood. Chapter Five then explores the relation between creature and creator in Hopkins's world view, and this investigation culminates in "The Incarnation of the Word," Chapter Six. Temporal and eternal intersected in the Incarnation and have since been coexistent. The Seventh Chapter concentrates on being and metaphor.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
ABSTRACT.	iii
ACKNOWLEDGMENT.	iv
PREFACE.	vi
INTRODUCTION.	1
I TWO BOOKS.11
II LOGOS.38
III "CURRENT LANGUAGE HEIGHTENED"...50
IV "EACH TUCKED STRING TELLS".	76
V CREATURE AND CREATOR.101
VI THE INCARNATION OF THE WORD.	131
VII IS.158
CONCLUSION.	168
FOOTNOTES.179
BIBLIOGRAPHY.	192

PREFACE

The reader should be forewarned of certain idiosyncrasies that will be encountered as he reads this thesis. I undertake an examination of Gerard Manley Hopkins and his work through lenses that might be questioned by any orthodox Hopkins scholar and by most philosophers. At a certain point in my research, quite by accident, I was introduced to Vincent Vycinas' study of Martin Heidegger, Earth and Gods. Vycinas explained Heidegger's philosophy in a way that made me see significantly illuminating parallels between Heidegger and Hopkins -- especially in terms of coincidentally shared attitudes toward nature, language, and poetry. I am, of course, aware that Hopkins antedates Heidegger and that Heidegger almost certainly did not know of Hopkins. I have also learned that some Heidegger scholars look upon Vycinas' book as being a distortion of Heidegger's thought. Nevertheless, since Earth and Gods spoke so eloquently and pertinently to me, since the thesis is a study of Hopkins and in no way an authoritative statement on Heidegger's philosophy, and since Vycinas (whether he presents a valid rendering of Heidegger or not) did offer me a considerable new vocabulary with to speak of Hopkins and a fresh point of view from which I could view the poet, I decided to retain Vycinas even as a guide to places that he may never have visited.

The reader should also be made aware of the fact that, particularly in Chapter I, in my presentation of a general scheme which covers the shifting emphases on either or both of God's books (the book of His Words and the book of His Works), a number of relevant writers are not mentioned and, at times, many years are passed over. I think, however, that the evidence cited is sufficient to illustrate my position.

INTRODUCTION

The first epigraph of T.S. Eliot's Four Quartets is a quotation from Heraclitus: τοῦ λόγου δ' ἐόντος ξυνοῦ ζῶουσιν οἱ πολλοὶ ὥς ἴδιαν ἔχοντες φρόνησιν. Translated, it reads: "But although the logos is common to all, the majority of people live as though they had each an understanding peculiarly their own."¹ For Eliot, this passage provides a distinction between those who accept the reality of the Incarnation, the gift for all men, and those who deny it. Gerard Manley Hopkins's life and work was governed, to its least detail, by the reality of the Incarnation, the Word made flesh. Like Eliot, Hopkins acknowledged the Heraclitean flux and stressed the redemption of time and matter by the physical manifestation of God in Christ. The intention of this study is to investigate Hopkins and the "word" in three major senses: his diction, the word of his poetry; the impact of the truth of logos revealed in natural creation; and the shaping effect on his poetry of the Word of God, the Incarnation as an informing principle.

Hopkins once wrote, "This world, then, is word, expression, news of God" (V, 129²). Since God is present in physical nature as logos, and if the poet captures, with care, in his own words, the inscape and essence of physical nature, then the words of his poetry are charged with the logos ". . . and if we know how to touch them give off sparks and take fire, yield drops and flow,

ring and tell of him" (V, 195). The poet becomes morally responsible for the acuteness of his perceptions and the rendering of these perceptions into words. Creation functions sacramentally, and if it is allowed to "be" it will show forth, often dramatically, not just divinity, but the triune God himself. Hopkins, therefore, husbanded language reverently, since language can bring to a truth-revealing stand the logos disclosed in the flux of nature.

In 1848, four years after Hopkins was born, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Holman Hunt, John Millais, Thomas Woolner, Walter Deverell, James Collinson, and William Rossetti (Swinburne and William Morris must also be included in this list, although they were not of the founding group) established the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Thirty-three years later, the Pre-Raphaelites were still sufficiently vital for Hopkins to observe, correctly, that "this modern medieval school is descended from the Romantic school (Romantic is a bad word) of Keats, Leigh Hunt, Hood, indeed of Scott early in the century" (II, 98). The Pre-Raphaelites recognized that their contemporary circumstances placed them in an increasingly industrial and Philistine society, and, unless they took active steps to the contrary, living art stood in danger of losing its potency. Ruskin's emphasis on an educated perception inspired Rossetti and his followers to return, in their art, to the concrete, precise details of nature.

They called themselves the "Pre-Raphaelites" because they also wanted to restore to art the medieval vigour it had had before

Raphael "substituted an elegant convention for the sincere depiction of actualities."³ As an example of the stranglehold of orthodoxy, the reader will keep in mind the fact that the Royal Academy at certain periods of its existence wanted British painters to adhere to certain formal rules of composition and technique: the parts of the painting were to be opposed in pyramids; the principal subject was always to receive the most light; one corner was always to be shaded; the painting had to begin from a dark (bitumen) base to which lighter colours were added.⁴ Art was in danger of becoming predictable and conventional.

Along with their close attention to natural detail and their rejection of the stifling propriety of the Academy, the Brotherhood came to prefer medieval, literary, and legendary subject matter for their poetry and painting. Two of these characteristics tended to contradict each other: on the one hand a careful naturalism, on the other a leap from the actual into the archaic. John Heath-Stubbs summarizes the outcome of these opposing aims:

In a sense their movement may be regarded as a resumption of the romantic impulse from the point it had reached in the dream-poetry of Hood, and Darley But in the poetry of the pre-Raphaelites it has more the quality of reverie. Their very insistence upon visual exactness in their imagery gives to their work a kind of detachment and remoteness. We seem to be gazing at something a long way off, . . . something, too, which is at a great distance in time as well as in space. The sense of urgency, of relevancy to the waking world is gone."⁵

Barbara Charlesworth compares their conception of the artist's life to that of "The Lady of Shalott":

who . . . weaves into her "magic web" images of the world which she sees reflected in a mirror. Like her, the artist creates beautiful forms from those "magic sights" mirrored in his imagination He may not turn his gaze from the mirror to the world; he must live, like the Lady of Shalott, in a world of shadows, separated from the common life of men.⁶

This world of shadows was indeed a world filled with Beauty of form and skillful execution, but it was still shadowy. The Pre-Raphaelites, although they did not share one clear-cut philosophy, all believed in the supremacy of the life of the imagination, "apart from the expression of it," according to Hough, "in any one particular art."⁷ Hough continues:

Hence a tendency to assimilate the different arts to each other, to allow their values to interpenetrate each other, forming together a realm of transcendent importance for which a status has somehow to be found in an inhospitable world. This endeavour becomes so absorbing that it leads to a gradual severance, increasingly from Ruskin onwards, of art from the interests of common life, and a constant tendency to turn art itself into the highest value, to assimilate aesthetic to religious experience.⁸

They tended to extend their aesthetic code to embrace everything, and to judge morality, society, and religion, as well as the arts, by standards of beauty. But, "while they employed the religious and other symbols of [medieval] poetry," says Heath-Stubbs, "they rejected the faith which had given these symbols relevance. Hence their work is often at the same time both sentimental and vulgar, lifeless and unreal."⁹

Hopkins almost certainly knew about the Pre-Raphaelite movement before he was twenty years old. He alludes to it in his 1864 essay "On the Signs of Health and Decay in the Arts" (IV, 79). Two entries in his 1864 diary read: "The Preraphaelite brotherhood. Consisting of D.G.R., Millais, Holman Hunt, Woolner, and three

others" (IV, 30). "Mem. To ask Mr. Burton about picture-frames, price of models, whether the pictures by W.S. Burton in the Academy are his, about the Preraphaelite Brotherhood, the French Preraphaelites, the Dusseldorf school etc." (IV, 31). His youthful curiosity was up; and well it might be, for, it would appear, few gifted men would have been more temperamentally agreeable to Pre-Raphaelite aims than young Hopkins. His early poetry shows a strong strain of Romanticism, a fascination with legend, and a longing to retreat from the "sharp and sided hail" (Poems, 9:3) of actuality. His drawings and sketches were (and continued to be), by his own admission, "Ruskinese" (III, 202) as early as his nineteenth year. In 1864, he knew Rossetti's work well enough to speak of his "language of strange masculine genius" (III, 220). All of these tendencies would clearly indicate a young Pre-Raphaelite.

But Hopkins's critical and creative contributions were, in his maturity, markedly unlike those of the Pre-Raphaelites, despite the fact that "his earliest ambition was to be a painter-poet, like D.G. Rossetti" (Poems, p. xviii). It was, of course, the Oxford Movement, not the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, that Hopkins embraced in 1866. The adherents of the latter movement intuited a need for religious significance behind their art and life, but failed to invest their symbols with much more than a languid religiosity. Hopkins found, though, that the Roman Catholic Church offered a philosophical system that could be traced back to the Middle Ages and beyond. The church also presented a body of myth, symbol,

ritual, and sacrament that was fully capable of making powerful emotional demands upon the communicant who was prepared to accept its dogmas.

The remarkable thing, however, is the apparent reluctance, evident in Hopkins's papers, to stoutly criticise the Brotherhood, for surely their lives and the lives of their successors in the Aesthetic Movement must have aroused his disapproval. Only Swinburne receives Hopkins's consistent hostility. "It is impossible not personally to form an opinion against the morality of a writer like Swinburne" (III, 228). "Swinburne's genius is astonishing, but it will, I think, only do one thing" (I, 79). "The want of [heightened current language] will be fatal . . . to Swinburne" (I, 89). "So few people have style, . . . not Tennyson nor Swinburne nor Morris, not to name the scarecrow misbegotten Browning crew" (I, 111). "Everything [Swinburne] writes is rigamarole" (II, 135). "I shd. think it could only be in Persian or some other eastern language that a poetical dialect so ornate and continuously beautiful [as Swinburne's] could be found. But words only are only words" (II, 157). The first of these judgments was written in 1867, the last in 1888. Until his death, Hopkins's view of Swinburne was consistently negative.

It is as though Swinburne became the target for the scorn Hopkins probably had for characteristics shared by other of the "fleshly" poets. In his critical remarks about them, Hopkins disparages little but their "quaint medley of Middle-Ages and 'Queen-Annery', a combination quite of our age and almost even of our

decade, . . . but . . . alien to me" (II, 83). In his correspondence with R.W. Dixon, who greatly admired D.G. Rossetti ("he was one of my dearest friends" II, 104) and is usually considered to be a minor Pre-Raphaelite himself, Hopkins is most discreet on the subject of Pre-Raphaelitism - allowing the substance of his criticism to emerge, unstated, from between the lines. The following comment, written to Dixon after Rossetti's death, is an example: "I agree with much of what you say of Rossetti. He was a man of extraordinary gifts: who rose at once, very early, to a great development, & then stood still, through some lack. He has however made a mark" (II, 105-6. See also II, 134). In his last letter to Dixon (29 July 1888), though, Hopkins becomes almost blunt:

Lastly to touch on what is universal and woven into the whole, though I always hold that your archaism is the most beautiful (as also I believe the most learned) archaism of any modern poet's, the only one that is of itself a living beauty in the style, still I cannot think even so that it is right: I look on the whole genus as vicious.

(II, 156)

No one of the major poets of his age was Hopkins's master, but he was keenly and critically aware of his poetic milieu.

To a certain extent his work was influenced by contemporaries, like Pater and Ruskin, even if the influence was sometimes shown by a reaction against it, as would be the case with respect to Swinburne, Browning, or Tennyson. One might compare, for example, Hopkins's poetry with that of the Brotherhood. The latter, with its languorous sensuality, slow, almost weary, lines, and imprecise expression of emotion (it has been pointed out that whole stanzas can be plucked out of Swinburne's poems without noticeably affecting the train of

thought) marks a distinct contrast with the former's lyricism, intellectual compactness, rugged texture, and fierce suffering. In a comment on the effect on Coventry Patmore of his religious faith, John Heath-Stubbs adds: "For Hopkins, of a younger generation, and with senses - intellectual and physical - so acutely awake that he seems to us to belong to no past age, but for each of us who read him to-day contemporary, there could be no [paradisa]l refuge."¹⁰ It is a critical commonplace to observe that Hopkins, in his poetry, his use of language, and even in much of his criticism, is years ahead of his time.

It is no doubt useful and interesting to examine Hopkins in the common light he shares with his contemporaries, but that light can also distort. It can exaggerate his peculiarities and odd angles (Bridges' opinions in the preface to the 1918 edition of Poems being a case in point). The present study attempts to see Hopkins, the nineteenth-century poetic anachronism, in the light of the ancient past and the existentialist present. One might say that Hopkins was moving toward the twentieth-century backwards - with his eyes firmly fixed on men like Duns Scotus, Parmenides, and Heraclitus. In so doing, he made giant strides, almost inadvertently no doubt, over his own age, whose aesthetic concerns were quite "alien" (II, 83), in order to wait in the twentieth-century for poetry and her train to finally overtake him.

What Hopkins says of Coventry Patmore and Duns Scotus in a letter to Patmore in 1884 (the wistfulness is scarcely disguised) might readily be applied to Hopkins himself:

There was some sort of a competitive examination held, I see, the other day with a prize for the best arrangement of living English writers in prose and verse: the winning selection and several others were printed in the Spectator. I think the prize-winner put Browning at the head of his list. In most lists Tennyson, Ruskin, Newman, Matthew Arnold, and Browning got high places. I saw your name nowhere. Indeed I believe you were not in the running. And when I read Remembered Grace, The Child's Purchase, Legem Tuam Dilexi and others of this volume I sigh to think that it is all one almost to be too full of meaning and to have none and to see very deep and not to see at all, for nothing so profound as these can be found in the poets of this age, scarcely of any; and yet they are but little known and when the papers give a list of the contemporary English poets your name does not appear. And so I used to feel of Duns Scotus when I used to read him with delight: he saw too far, he knew too much; his subtlety overshot his interests; a kind of feud arose between genius and talent, and the ruck of talent in the Schools finding itself, as his age passed by, less and less able to understand him, voted that there was nothing important to understand and so first misquoted and then refuted him.

(III, 349)

The genius of Hopkins was deep and full of meaning, it saw far and displayed subtlety and genius, but, unlike Patmore and Scotus, his age did not even hear him.

Twenty-nine years before his poems were finally published, Hopkins died in Ireland in 1889. That same year, in Messkirch, Baden, Germany, Martin Heidegger was born. Heidegger, one of the most creative philosophers of this century, developed a peculiar vocabulary in which he ascribed very special meanings to words like "physis," "logos," "parlance," "care-taking," and "assemblage." Hopkins employed terms with unique flavours and meanings as well, words like "inscape," "instress," "sake," "pitch," and "scape." The thesis places considerable emphasis on the remarkable coincidence of aims in the two writers. (Heidegger, for example, builds again and again on Duns Scotus, Parmenides, and Heraclitus.) Although the accidents of their situations are quite dissimilar, both Hopkins

and Heidegger have attempted to come to terms with many similar problems related to Being, language, and poetry. They came to different terms, but their insights and conclusions are often remarkably alike. Hopefully this study will shed worthwhile new light on Gerard Manley Hopkins and, almost as important, succeed in offering Hopkins students a new vocabulary with which to discuss the poet.

It will eventually appear to the reader that the chapters of this study do not follow one another inevitably. That is, there is not an attempt to logically or organically link up the concluding argument of one chapter with the opening remarks of its successor. The thought of the thesis does not proceed in a line from A to Z, from I to VII. Instead, a chapter will move from a point on the rim to what the writer feels to be the hub of Gerard Manley Hopkins's poetry and thought. Each chapter, with the exception of Chapter I, begins and moves in this way, each ending with a conclusion very similar to that of the other chapters. Chapter II reaches its particular centre in Chapter VI, but is necessarily assigned its early position in order to introduce certain terminology and to establish, psychologically and structurally, the primacy of the Logos, the Incarnation of the Word.

'There is authority for it' . . . Aeschylus: he is always forgetting he said a thing before. Indeed he never did, but tried to say it two or three times - something rich and profound but not by him distinctly apprehended; so he goes at it again and again like a canary trying to learn the Bluebells of Scotland. To bed, to bed: my eyes are almost bleeding.

(I, 271)

I

TWO BOOKS

I published these books (on Genesis) from the sayings of the Holy Fathers concerning the letter and the spirit For the Word came into the world by Mary, clad in flesh; and seeing was not understanding; all saw the flesh; knowledge of the divinity was given to a chosen few The letter appears as the flesh; but the spiritual sense within is known as divinity Blessed are the eyes which see divine spirit through the letters' veil.¹

The Prologue to the Gospel of St. John makes it clear that Christ is himself the Word (logos) Incarnate. His Incarnation forever altered created nature by making temporal phenomena (flesh, sarx) the vessel of the eternal God. There is no reality, thing, or event which cannot become the bearer of revelation. Through history, two sources of revelation, often called the Book of Scripture and the Book of Nature, have been examined by men trying to discover the truth. The Book of Scripture principally speaks to the reason, the mind; the Book of Nature to the senses, the instincts. In various historical periods it would appear that from time to time one or the other of these books gains a type of ascendancy. At one time, scripture becomes principal authority; at another, free communication with the spirit of God in nature is encouraged.

Beginning with a survey of the Hexaemeral literature of the first fifteen centuries, and then examining such writers as John Milton, Thomas Browne, Benedict Spinoza, Alexander Pope, William

Wordsworth, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas Carlyle, and Gerard Hopkins, I intend to advance a general "chart" of the shifting equilibrium of scriptural and natural authority. I would like to suggest that Hopkins, whether aware of this historical fluctuation or not, appears to be attempting to restore a balanced relationship between the two books. Hopkins's efforts grow out of a profoundly Trinitarian point of view, one in which the doctrine of the Incarnation is central to an understanding of both scriptures (Word and World). The Incarnation of the Logos surrounds and informs, is the Inscape of, both books.

"Hexaemeron" is a title that applies to a specific type of literature written by the Fathers of the Church. The Hexaemeral literature, which includes Treatises, sermons, exegeses and allegorizations on the Genesis creation story, deals with the origin and purposes of man and nature. "The works of this class extend in time from the De opificio mundi of Philo Judaeus (cir. 40 A.D.) to Milton's Paradise Lost."²

First it must be stressed that the early commentators on Genesis owed a considerable debt to the Greek philosophers, particularly Plato and the Stoics. Plato, in his dialogue Timaeus, "presented for the first time an account of the creation of the world by a Deity who orders it for its own best advantage."³ The material world, according to the platonic view, was created by the Demiurge according to a-priori ideal forms. Robbins summarizes:

Things are either conceptual, and eternally, changelessly existent, or they are sensible and subject to becoming and perishing. Everything that becomes must have some cause, and if the artificer of the thing looks to a pattern that is changeless, the result is fair; if he looks to the created as a pattern, the result is not fair Since the world is fair and the Demiurge good, the pattern must have been an eternal one. Now the reason why the creator made this world is that he is good, and therefore can begrudge nothing, but wishes to liken everything as nearly as possible to himself. He therefore took the chaotic mass of matter and brought it into order, this being better than disorder.⁴

Whatever reality the crude, visible world has is derived from a perfect, invisible world of Forms or Ideas. Echoes of this view pervade the Hexaemeral writings in their assertions that behind the inferior material world there exists a perfect ideal Pattern in the eternal mind of God. Supporters of such a position would naturally be led to a denigration, however subtle, of the material world except insofar as it feebly reflected the true object of veneration, the (insubstantial) Ideal.

The influence of the Stoics was likewise considerable. They were materialists whose most notable contribution to the Hexaemeral writers was a particular doctrine of the logos. The world was divided by the Stoics into the passive principle of formless matter, and the active principle, the logos, within that matter. Man's reason was logos both when uttered (prophorikos) and unuttered (endiathetos). The interesting point is that when Philo Judaeus, having adopted the dualistic Platonic cosmology, spoke of God's pre-existing divine ideal, he used the Stoic term logos.

Philo calls the ideal pattern of the world God's logos, on the analogy of human reason, and Theophilus of Antioch says that the Son, the Logos of God, was ἐνδιάθετος before creation, but προφορικὸς when he goes forth to be the agent of creation Origen lays even more stress than Theophilus upon the phase of the Word called

by the latter ἐνδιὰθετος. The Word or Wisdom contains all the forms (species) of things to be created, whether substantial or accidental, and was itself created prior to these After Origen, the use of the terms Son, Word, and Wisdom, equivalent to logos, persisted throughout the tradition.⁵

The neoplatonists of the third century held that the material world was a dim manifestation or creation of Infinite Being. Infinite Being was perfectly good and could not be known through the senses or reason. This neoplatonism (an attempted fusion of aspects of Platonic, Hebrew, and Christian mysticism) held the real world - the world of sense - in contempt. According to Robbins, the majority of the early Christian hexaemera were "conservative and concrete" in their views. They stayed close to the scriptural text while at the same time emphasizing the doctrine of the word.⁶ Even as late as the Renaissance they were almost universally inclined to take the Genesis account of creation and subsequent events literally. The exegetes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, more than commentators since their time have done, took Genesis as a literal account rather than one having merely a cultic, theological, or literary significance.

Exegetes like Basil the Great (whose Hexaemeron was written between 370 - 79 A.D.) did not emphasize the doctrine of the Word so strongly as did Origen, but Basil said that there was an extra-temporal state before the creation of the world in which "the creator and artificer of all completed his works, intelligible light befitting the blessedness of those that love the Lord, the rational and unseen natures, and the whole system of intelligible things which transcend our knowledge, of which we can discover not even the

names."⁷ Like Milton, Basil seemed to prefer to depict the extra-temporal state as a "time" in which God dwelt with his angels, rather than as a Platonic divine ideal. Basil's universe, then, was an artifact created by God the Artist.

Augustine, bishop of Hippo, is another of the great authorities in the Hexaemeral tradition. His conception of God was also Platonic "in that he represents the creator as out of time and space . . . working in and through the Word, wherein the ideas or forms of all things were eternally present" as God's thoughts.⁸ What is true of all Platonists is also true of Augustine; physical creation plays a role in their thinking which is far inferior to that of the metaphysical and theological worlds.

Augustine died in 430 A.D., and the period between his death and the Renaissance saw the appearance of one very important Hexmaemeron, De divisione naturae of Johannes Scotus Erigena. There is evidence of neo-Platonism here too, but "the philosophy of Erigena centers in the notion that everything, in so far as it exists, exists in God, and his interpretation of the six days' work is a reconciliation of the Scriptures with his own theory that the divine goodness proceeds from itself first into the ideal types, second into the larger subdivisions of corporal things, and third into individual things."⁹ Erigena's thinking shows the beginning of a shift from Platonic dualism, wherein matter plays a significantly secondary role, to a view more balanced in its attitude toward material phenomena. The Creator and that which He has created are not two separate identities, but identified. "Creation is the procession

of the divine goodness from the negation of being to its affirmation, . . . for the divine wisdom is not subject to any superior form, but is itself the form of forms. Thus all things are theophaniae."¹⁰

The sixteenth and seventeenth century exegetes and commentators on Genesis differed from their predecessors, however, in one significant way. Natural science was on the rise, and these writers, taking Scripture, as I said above, literally, were inclined to look upon Genesis as a scientific document more than commentators before or since their time. In The Common Expositor: An Account of the Commentaries on Genesis 1527 - 1633, Arnold Williams says:

The governing concept of [the sixteenth and seventeenth century commentators'] treatment of nature is the popular notion of the Book of God's Works. God has two books, the book of His words revealed for our salvation in the Old and New Testaments, and the book of His works, spread before us in the sky above and in the earth about us. This latter book is called variously the Book of God's Works, the Book of Creatures, the Book of Nature, or even, as in Milton, "the Book of God before thee set."¹¹

Even those who, like Dove, purposed to prove the necessity of a revealed religion admitted that in the Book of Works God "did instrvct vs so farre as to knowe and confesse that there was a God."¹² This concept of the Book of God's Works is apt to appear in any defense of science. Why must we read also the Book of Works when we have read the Book of Words? Is not such information as the system of the heavens or the number of species of animals useless to salvation? Raphael seems to intimate that it is:

Heav'n is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:
Thinke only what concernes thee and thy being.¹³

The attitude which Raphael expresses is found in the commentaries, for instance in Pareus, but I have seen it far less than one would expect. And besides, Raphael is ruling out only what concerns the heavens. "What concerns thee and thy being" is proper subject for man, and the creatures do concern man and his being Further, as Zanchius writes, "an error in the knowledge of the creatures makes for an error in the knowledge of the Creator and leads away from the mind of God."¹⁴ On this ground, it was generally thought that inquiry into the nature, causes, and operations of the creatures is a perfectly legitimate, and indeed laudable activity, provided always that man attempts to see through the creatures to the Creator behind them.¹⁵

Later, in the 1620's, Mersenne's commentaries relied heavily on the science of the day, assuming that scientific discovery would, among other things, add to the glory of God.

However, the "new" science of physics, which might even have appeared, in part, as a result of Mersenne's urging, was regarded by later exegetes as a completely separate domain from scriptural analysis. Even Rivetus, only ten years later than Mersenne,¹⁶ kept science out of his Biblical exegesis.¹⁷

One of the epic statements of the hexaemeral tradition, Milton's Paradise Lost, makes the Word a persona in the epic drama, synonymous with the Son, the agent of creation. Jehovah, according to the angel Raphael's account to Adam, spoke thus before creation:

Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heav'n;
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it done.¹⁸

There is also in Milton the suggestion of Plato's ideal behind the material world. After the sixth day of creation,

. . . the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created World
The addition of his Empire, how it show'd
In Prospect from his Throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great Idea.¹⁹

Later, Adam makes an inquiry "concerning celestial motions," and Raphael's response brings forward the metaphor of the Book of Works:

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wond'rous Works, and learn
His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Years.²⁰

The metaphor is continued when Adam describes his first moments of

life after being created. He looks about him, filled with awe and questions, and seeks answers in the Book of Works:

Thou Sun, said I, fair Light,
And thou enlight'n'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?²¹

Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.²²

Nature is able to give no answers to such specific questions as these, so it remains for the power of divine Revelation, Words, to spell out for Adam the Truth he is seeking. Note, however, that when he speaks, God preserves the book metaphor when referring to his creation:

Whom thou sought'st I am, . . .
Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee.²³

Elsewhere, Milton writes:

The Deity has imprinted upon the human mind so many unquestionable tokens of himself, and so many traces of him are apparent throughout the whole of nature, that no one in his senses can remain ignorant of the truth There can be no doubt but that everything in the world, by the beauty of its order, and the evidence of a determinate and beneficial purpose which pervades it, testifies that some supreme efficient Power must have pre-existed, by which the whole was ordained for a specific end

[But] . . . our safest way [to know God] is to form in our minds such a conception of [him] as shall correspond with his own delineation and representation of himself in the sacred writings.²⁴

The failure of the Book of Works is that it cannot speak to questions metaphysical or systematically theological. Its prime purpose in Paradise Lost is apparently two-fold. Nature's goodness, beauty, bounty, and design hearken to a Divine First Cause that is good, beautiful, generous, and ordered. Secondly, nature exists to

sustain man and to give him a measure of pleasure. But, again and again, before the Fall, Raphael warns Adam to keep his senses in their proper place, subservient to reason. Speaking of Eve, the angel says:

What higher in her society thou find'st
 Attractive, human, rational, love still;
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true Love consists not; Love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
 Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.²⁵

Apart from the surprising turn of logic in the last one and a half lines of this quotation, most notable is the repeated stress on government of the senses. Since it is possible to see the Book of Nature as a volume to be read primarily with the senses, it is not unreasonable to conclude that for Milton the Book of Words continued to be in every way the superior volume. It is to be expected then that after both Adam and Eve have partaken of the forbidden fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil (the Serpent addresses the Tree as "Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant, Mother of science")²⁶ their first inclinations are not rational but carnal. They take their fill of fleshly "love and love's disport." Then, after sleep,

They sat them down to weep, nor only Tears
 Rain'd at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within
 Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,
 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore
 Thir inward State of Mind, calm Region once
 And full of Peace, now toss't and turbulent:
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
 Heard not here lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping over sovran Reason claim'd
 Superior sway.²⁷

In Paradise Lost, what Adam learns of himself, his mate, God, nature, and the future destruction (the Deluge) and redemption of mankind is divinely revealed through the words of the Lord uttered by the Son, or Raphael, or Michael. That which fallen Adam reads in the book of nature (through his senses, instincts, and fallen reason) leads him straying into destructive paths of pleasure, appetite, and sexual desire.

All of nature fell when Adam fell. Milton describes the earth heaving in torment twice; once when Eve bit into the calamitous fruit, and again when Adam did likewise. Consequently, the Book of Works is forever a bane:

Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy Life;
Thorns also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid.²⁸

After Rivetus and Merseune, the Renaissance tradition of Genesis commentary declined. "New commentaries on Genesis are exceedingly rare from the time of Rivetus to the beginning of the eighteenth century."²⁹ It is not difficult, then, to see Paradise Lost as the (probably unintentional) culmination of a long tradition of Hexaemeral and Genesis-inspired literature. "Milton wrote not only the greatest of the hexaemeral epics but also the last. No one continued the tradition."³⁰ Williams goes on to say:

We must recognize that the Book of Genesis and the tradition that had gathered about it could hardly have the same fascination or the same significance for the men of Addison's generation that it had for those of Raleigh's or even Milton's. Part of the importance of Genesis in the Renaissance pattern of thought was that it gave the only authoritative account of the beginning of things. It filled what would otherwise have been a cultural vacuum. In the sixteenth century the account of creation in Genesis as it is expanded in the

commentaries had no serious competitors. The science of archaeology had not developed to give an alternative, if not always competitive, history of early man. Nor had textual criticism made very substantial progress, and without textual criticism historians were unable to evaluate the documents of antiquity, to separate the spurious and forged from the authentic, and to work out an acceptable chronology With the advent of archaeology and the maturing of textual criticism--to mention but two sciences--it was inevitable that, though the authenticity of Genesis was not put in jeopardy for many years to come, another way of looking at history should emerge.³¹

In The Religio Medici (1643), Sir Thomas Browne, Milton's contemporary, details the nature of his personal, and often highly individual, religious beliefs. Browne sees it as man's duty, since man was gifted with reason, to study and contemplate nature. God gave man the physical world for that very purpose. "The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads, that rudely stare about, and with a grosse rusticity admire his workes; those highly magnifie him whose judicious enquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, returne the duty of a devout and learned admiration."³² It is apparent from Browne's account of the origins and first causes of natural things that he placed a great value upon written Scripture as a source of wisdom and truth, but, as the following passage will demonstrate, his thinking also represents what appears to be the beginning of an upward trend in the value placed upon the Book of Works.

Thus there are two bookes from whence I collect my Divinity; besides that written one of God, another of his servant Nature, that universall and publik Manuscript, that lies expans'd unto the eyes of all; those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other: This was the Scripture and Theology of the Heathens; . . . surely the Heathens knew better how to joyne and reade these mystical letters than wee Christians, who cast a more carelesse eye on these common Hieroglyphicks, and disdain to suck Divinity from the flowers of nature.³³

The Religio Medici encourages earnestness in a realm of human pursuit which had heretofore been conspicuously absent.

Previous writers have observed beauty in nature and have urged diligent study of natural things--but not always with an eye to the "sakes" of them, the beauty of the thing itself, but with one eye on the earth and the other directed toward heaven. Christians have been "carelesse" of the "common Hieroglyphicks" as being somehow less worthy of attention than the more sacrosanct hieroglyphics of Scripture. In fact, Browne's point of view is often specifically aesthetic:

I hold there is a generall beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever: I cannot tell by what Logick we call a Toad, a Beare, or an Elephant, ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best expresse the actions of their inward forms To speake yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly, or mis-shapen, but the Chaos; wherein notwithstanding to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no forme, nor was it yet impregnate by the voyce of God.³⁴

Browne is here speaking of the nature that Milton described as "Curs'd . . . for thy sake" (see above, n. 28). Browne would advocate seeing beauty even in the "inward forms" of unbidden "thorns and thistles." Early commentators were inclined to the opinion that ravenous beasts and so-called monsters (whether of land or deep) were part of God's curse upon man for his transgression in the idyll of Eden. But Browne says, "There are no Grotesques in nature; nor any thing framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces; in the most imperfect creatures, and such as were not preserved in the Arke, but having their seeds and principles in the wombe of nature, are everywhere where the power of the Sun is; in these is

the wisdom of his hand discovered."³⁵

Browne then brings art and nature into a remarkable harmony. "Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence: Art is the perfection of Nature: Were the world now as it was the sixth [sic] day, there were yet a Chaos: Nature hath made one world, and Art another. In briefe, all things are artificial, for nature is the Art of God."³⁶ God is not only the Author of nature, he is also its divine Artist.

Significant changes in attitudes toward Scripture and nature took place during the eighteenth century, the Age of Reason. Up to this point in history little actual conflict is seen between the Book of Words and the Book of Works. There may have been shifting stresses on one or the other, but no one seriously questioned the Divine authorship of both books. In fact, as has been already suggested, Scripture was considered to be a literal scientific document, providing the best information available on the origin and ancient history of man and creation.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a conflict was developing between religion and science, and it is here we might speak of Benedict Spinoza, who altered once and for all the history of religious and scientific thought. Writing some three hundred years ago, when modern science was in its early infancy and when the modern interpretation of religion had not yet been undertaken, Spinoza described with complete certainty what the scientific interpretation of the universe in terms of natural law involved. Already in Spinoza's day the point of view of modern science was creating a

number of problems with regard to the traditional interpretations of the Bible. A major portion of his Treatise on Theology and Politics is devoted to a discussion of the Bible from the new scientific point of view. Much of the difficulty, Spinoza was convinced, came from a failure to read the Bible intelligently. People were reading into it their own beliefs and prejudices.

It is important in interpreting the Bible, he pointed out, to determine the situation in which a specific book was written. What purpose did the author have in mind? What group of people was he writing for? What particular historical situation did he face? Spinoza recognized that the books of the Bible were written for specific people, for specific purposes, to accomplish specific religious aims, and can be understood best when seen in their context. Whether or not Jonah's whale could actually have swallowed a man, for example, Spinoza found entirely inconsequential. Scripture does not aim at imparting scientific knowledge. The Bible is a book of religion, not a book of science. It is written to inspire men, not to give them scientific information about the universe. The authors of the Bible were not philosophers and were not writing scientific treatises. They wrote very simply, to reach the ordinary men and women of their day, Spinoza maintained, and they "clothed their teaching in the style and confirmed it with the reasons which would most deeply move the minds of the masses to devotion toward God."³⁷ It is only when one loses sight of the aim of the Bible, and when it is interpreted literally as though it were a scientific document, that one encounters so much controversy.

Spinoza came to the conclusion that religion and science each has its own domain: "We may draw the absolute conclusion that the Bible must not be accommodated to reason, nor reason to the Bible."³⁸ "It is no accidental coincidence that the Word of God which we find in the prophets coincides with the Word of God written in our hearts."³⁹ When interpreting the miracles of the Bible, Spinoza simply reaffirmed his position regarding the nature of Scripture. "Scripture . . . does not aim at explaining things by their natural causes, but only at narrating what appeals to the popular imagination, and doing so in the manner best calculated to excite wonder, and consequently to impress the minds of the masses with devotion."⁴⁰ If one reads the Bible carefully, he will find that in most cases there is no contradiction between a specific miracle and the laws of nature. The Bible is concerned to emphasize the activity of God directly rather than through natural causes, but not necessarily to oppose the two. Spinoza was intent on rescuing the concept of God from its setting in a small universe, and on thinking of God in terms large enough to do justice to the new universe which science was discovering.

The real problem, in Spinoza's opinion, was not to prove that God exists, but rather to find out what God is like. He defined God in such a way as to make his existence no longer debatable. God is that eternal order of things of which both the physical universe and man himself are but partial expressions. The problem, then, was simply one of determining in some detail what the nature of that enduring order of things actually is. As a rationalist, Spinoza was

confident that this could be done by reason; and in such an undertaking science would be of as much help as religion. It is not necessary, he argued, to rely upon any special revelation to find out what God is like. The nature of God is revealed to the eyes of reason in the picture science draws of the universe--the only revelation the rationalist can accept:

All things are in God and everything takes place by the laws alone of the infinite nature of God. Whatever is, is in God, and nothing can either be or be conceived without God In nature there is nothing contingent, but all things are determined from the necessity of the divine nature to exist and act in a certain manner. Therefore things could be produced by God in no other manner and in no other order than that in which they have been produced From the infinite nature of God all things have necessarily flowed, or continually follow, by the same necessity as it follows from the nature of a triangle from all eternity that its three angles are equal to two right angles."⁴¹

When he was accused of identifying God with nature, Spinoza wrote to a friend:

I hold that God is the immanent, not the extraneous cause of all things. I say that all things are in God and move in God, thus agreeing with Paul and perhaps with all the ancient philosophers. It is a complete mistake on the part of those who say that my purpose is to show that God and nature, meaning by the latter a certain mass of corporeal matter, are one and the same. I had no such intention.⁴²

For Spinoza, God and rational processes of nature, nature's laws, are one and the same. God is the spirit of reason which moves through the universe and controls its behaviour in accord with rational law:

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul; . . .
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.⁴³

These are the words of Alexander Pope, representative English poet of the Age of Reason.

Pope's An Essay on Man (published in 1733 and 1734) provides

us with an illustrative account of the Augustan view of the scheme of God, man, and nature. Unlike Spinoza's Treatise, Pope's Essay makes little or no mention of Scripture as an agent of revelation. This fact may be cited as evidence of the beginning of an eighteenth-century dichotomy between the two Books of Creation and Revelation, between man and nature. In the second paragraph of An Essay on Man Pope establishes his premises:

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man what see we, but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.⁴⁴

Later, Pope describes man's ignorance of the future since all man knows is the present:

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer Being here below?⁴⁵

No Scripture prepares man for the future so he must be content to "Wait the great teacher Death."⁴⁶ God's present gift to man is eternal Hope. Be content to Be.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n; . . .
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire.⁴⁷

The whole of creation exists, then, not to serve man; man is not the grand culmination of God's design. To man, the full extent of nature's design, purpose, and operation is ultimately unknowable.

Because he is not God, man cannot see the whole design. Three magnificent passages dramatically illustrate this concept:

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being, which from God began,
Natures aethereal, human angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect! what no eye can see,
No glass can reach! from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing!⁴⁸

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony, not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, 'Whatever is, is RIGHT.'⁴⁹

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th'empyrean sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule--
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!⁵⁰

What man learns from Nature concerns things social and personal, but little that is specifically theological.⁵¹ "Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame, And bade Self-love and Social be the same."⁵²

For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliss below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.⁵³

The breach between Scripture and Nature was further intensified by the birth of modern textual criticism of the Bible. In 1753, Jean Astruc published "Conjectures sur les memoires originaux don il paroît que Moyse se servit pour composer le livre de la Genese."⁵⁴ Astruc pointed out that the Genesis account of creation contained two different names for God, "Elohim" and "Yahweh." This fact indicated either two different authors for the "Mosaic" book, or that Moses had used more than one source for his writings. Astruc claimed to recognize thirteen different documents from which Moses had drawn his original material. Astruc's discovery led to a flurry of study to determine sources, dates, authorship, historical contexts of composition, manuscript sources, manuscript reliability, and so on. The result was a renewed interest in Scripture, but an interest which was concerned far less with the Bible as God's Word than as an ancient text whose contents demanded textual, philological, and archaeological investigation and verification.

For a time it appeared that the once-immanent God, who spoke by the prophets and whose creation was a vast theophany, was to be obscured by totally scientific analyses of his two Books. The interest in the text was obscuring the Author. A split was evident between man the knower (the subject) and nature the known (the object).

In the last year of the eighteenth century, William Wordsworth commenced writing a lengthy poem, The Recluse. The poem went unfinished, but its autobiographical introduction became what is now called The Prelude (completed in 1805 and finally published in 1850).

It is evident from The Prelude as well as from the "Prospectus" to The Recluse that Wordsworth saw and was striving to heal the division between man and nature, to sing their "great consummation."⁵⁵ Before looking at The Prelude, the reader is directed to discern earlier and, in some ways, subtler evidence of Wordsworth's desire in the opening lines of "Tintern Abbey":

Once again

Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
 These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild⁵⁶

The italicized passages draw attention to Wordsworth's attempt to break down divisive categories and to weld all the disparate elements into a unity. In the "Prospectus," man is specifically included in the process of unification:

Paradise, and groves

Elysian, Fortunate Fields -- like those of old
 Sought in the Atlantic Main -- why should they be
 A history only of departed things,
 Or a mere fiction of what never was?
 For the discerning intellect of Man,
 When wedded to this goodly universe
 In love and holy passion, shall find these
 A simple produce of the common day.⁵⁷

The poet goes on to proclaim "How exquisitely the individual Mind/
 . . . to the external World/Is fitted."⁵⁸

As The Prelude progresses, the speaker continues to register a renewing interest in the "Presence" behind physical nature:

Hitherto,

In progress through this Verse, my mind hath looked
 Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven
 As her prime teacher, intercourse with man
 Established by the sovereign Intellect,
 Who through that bodily image hath diffused,
 As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,
 A deathless spirit
 Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes
 Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch
 Her pleasant habitations, and dry up
 Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,
 Yet would the living Presence still subsist
 Victorious, and composure would ensue,
 And kindlings like the morning--presage sure
 Of day returning and of life revived.⁵⁹

Later in Book Fifth, the speaker describes a dream in which he has a visitation from a Quixotic Beduoin Arab who holds a stone in one hand and a beautiful shell in the other. Both stone and shell are books as well:

The Arab told me that the stone
 (To give it in the language of the dream)
 Was 'Euclid's Elements;' and 'This,' said he,
 'Is something of more worth;' and at the word
 Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in shape,
 In colour so resplendent, with command
 That I should hold it to my ear.⁶⁰

The shell is the Book of Nature (the stone obviously the tome of reason or science), and when placed to the ear speaks to Wordsworth "in an unknown tongue, /Which yet [he] understood, articulate sounds, / A loud prophetic blast of harmony."⁶¹ Such is the power and eloquence of Nature's voice that it can render feeble the utterances of merely human authors:

Oftentimes at least
 Me hath such strong entrancement overcome,
 When I have held a volume in my hand,
 Poor earthly casket of immortal verse,
 Shakespeare, or Milton, labourers divine!

Great and benign, indeed, must be the power
 Of living nature, which could thus so long
 Detain me from the best of other guides
 And dearest helpers, left unthanked, unpraised.⁶²

Wordsworth praises great works of literature, calls them "Powers for ever to be hallowed,"⁶³ but they are "less . . . /than Nature's self, which is the breath of God,/ Or his pure Word by miracle revealed."⁶⁴ Similar views are expressed more animatedly in a short earlier poem,

"The Tables Turned":

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
 Come, hear the woodland linnet, . . .
 Come forth into the light of things,
 Let Nature be your Teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
 Our minds and hearts to bless--
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
 Our meddling intellect
 Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:--
 We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
 Close up those barren leaves;
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.⁶⁵

Since too active and questioning mind may defeat its own purpose, what is required is a certain passive waiting for the Powers themselves to impress the watcher. That would accord with Wordsworth's general conception of the "presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts," and the "something"

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.⁶⁶

These same ideas recur in Wordsworth. The regenerative and moral power in Nature is there for any person with the mind to read Her right. In Book Thirteenth of The Prelude Wordsworth describes how study, reasoned argument from learned books, and works of "statists," impaired his imagination and taste, and how re-establishing communion with Nature, untutored folk, and instinct healed him, restoring "real feeling and just sense."⁶⁷ Earlier, in Book Seventh, he writes:

Attention springs,
 And comprehensiveness and memory flow,
 From early converse with the works of God
 Among all regions
 And, as the sea propels, from zone to zone,
 Its currents; magnifies its shoals of life
 Beyond all compass; spreads, and sends aloft
 Armies of clouds,--even so, its powers and aspects
 Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,
 The views and aspirations of the soul
 To majesty. Like virtue have the forms
 Perennial of the ancient hills; nor less
 The changeful language of their countenances
 Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids the thoughts,
 However multitudinous, to move
 With order and relation.⁶⁸

Ralph Waldo Emerson, also writing in the first half of the nineteenth century, discerned a disturbing alienation between man and nature which was magnified by the intervention of scientific and traditional knowledge. Emerson's essay "Nature" shows signs of a Wordsworthian upswing in the esteem in which nature was held as he encourages man to take a more personal, pristine look at creation--a look unclouded by the perceptions and prejudices of past generations.

Emerson writes, "The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs?"⁶⁹ It becomes clear that Emerson's conception of "revelation" is one not strictly limited to Scripture, as he continues, "A life in harmony with Nature, the love of truth and of virtue, will purge the eyes to understand her text. By degrees we may come to know the primitive sense of the permanent objects of nature, so that the world shall be to us an open book, and every form significant of its hidden life and final cause."⁷⁰ Emerson's metaphor, "Nature is a Book," is one we have seen recurring in a number of previous writers. It is a notion, though, that gained renewed currency in the nineteenth century.⁷¹ Emerson, as had most of the transcendentalists, had rejected the Bible and turned, partly because of the influence of Carlyle and Wordsworth, exclusively to nature as the source of understanding.

The discernment of the Divine in nature, in the views of Emerson and Wordsworth, involves considerably more than simply right use of the powers of Reason. Close reading of their writings discloses both men involved in a spiritual, experiential communion. Hopkins would call it 'Instress', and, perhaps more than any other response to nature, it is this ontological instress that is missing from the nature-readers of the century that preceded Wordsworth and Emerson.

Before turning attention to Hopkins, I would like to point

up some dramatic uses of the Nature-Book metaphor by one of his older contemporaries, Thomas Carlyle. Teufelsdröckh, narrator of Carlyle's Sartor Resartus (1833), in rehearsing the development of his character and opinions, writes, "On the coping of the Orchard-wall, . . . there, many a sunset, have I, looking at the distant western Mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's expectation as Day died, were still a Hebrew Speech for me; nevertheless, I was looking at the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for their gilding."⁷² At first this magnificent book was written in a strange language for young Teufelsdröckh. As he matures, however, he learns, with wonder, to translate the heavenly messages:

Thus encircled by the mystery of Existence; under the deep heavenly Firmament; waited-on by the four golden Seasons, with their vicissitudes of contribution, for even grim Winter brought its skating-matches and shooting-matches, its snow-storms and Christmas-carols,--did the Child sit and learn. These things were the Alphabet, whereby in aftertime he was to syllable and partly read the grand Volume of the World: what matters it whether such Alphabet be in large gilt letters or small ungilt ones, so you have an eye to read it?⁷³

Carlyle's hero adds a slightly different twist to the study of the book of creation by the following observation:

Great men are inspired (speaking and acting) by Texts of that divine BOOK OF REVELATIONS, whereof a Chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named HISTORY; to which inspired Texts your numerous talented men, and your innumerable untalented men, are the better or worse exegetic Commentaries, and wagonload of too-stupid, heretical or orthodox, weekly Sermons. For my study, the inspired Texts themselves.⁷⁴

In the last half of the century, however, Victorian science was tending, increasingly, to admit as true only that which it was able to verify by its experimental method. Resisting this materialism

and a complacent trust in progress, philosophy became idealistic. Neither trend offered many possibilities for the poet seeking an authentic and unified world-view. Through the final decades of the nineteenth century, the decades that held Hopkins, "many of the poets withdrew from the contemplation of external reality into a region of merely decorative beauty," according to John Heath-Stubbs.⁷⁵ There were two principal phases in this withdrawal: the Pre-Raphaelite movement and the Aesthetic movement. "Their intellectual position was often one of active hostility to science, and they thus found themselves isolated more and more from the educated public."⁷⁶ Nor is it without significance that their fascination with literary subject matter, medievalism, langourous beauty, and even death isolated them more and more from nature as well.

In Hopkins, however, we see a poet who is passionately in love with beauty and who possesses a decidedly sensuous nature, but who is also re-collecting and meticulously re-weaving the threads joining man, nature, and God. His view of nature is sacramental and dogmatically theological. The fact of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ in time and space, in history, in the natural world, makes nature a theophany of the triune God. The tradition of Catholicism, which Hopkins adopted at his conversion, is presented in his poetry in radically experiential terms. Elizabeth Jennings says, "He first turned inward, and perhaps for that reason alone is regarded as a master of modernity. But he did much more than this; he also turned outward and saw God's signature written on all creation, creation upheld by the love of God."⁷⁷ In the poet's own words:

[The world] is a book he has written, of the riches of his knowledge, a poem of beauty: what is it about? His praise, the reverence due to him, the way to serve him; it tells him of his glory The creation does praise God, does reflect honour on him, is of service to him, and yet the praises fall short; the honour is like none, less than a buttercup to a king; the service is of no service to him. In other words he does not need it. He has infinite glory without it and what is infinite can be made no bigger. Nevertheless he takes it: he wishes it, asks it, he commands it, he enforces it, he gets it.

(V, 239)

For Hopkins, the revelation of God to men takes place both in the Book of Scripture, which has been sanctified by the tradition of the Roman Catholic Church, and in the Book of Nature, which has been sanctified by the Incarnation of Christ. He called the study of Scripture "the holiest of all kinds of learning" (V, 69).

II

LOGOS

It is presumptuous to attempt even the beginnings of a study of such a concept as the Logos in one short chapter. It would be possible to devote one's entire lifetime to such a study. It is not, therefore, the purpose of this chapter to exhaust the historical, theological, and philosophical nuances of meaning embodied in Logos, nor even to account for the significance of Logos in the thought and poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Instead, I wish to point out certain approaches to the Logos, and by them to draw attention to a fundamental distinction between what could be called the "metaphysical logos" and the "logos of disclosure." Such a distinction can have a telling effect upon one's eventual understanding of Hopkins's poetry and thought, especially insofar as that poetry and thought is informed by the Incarnation, by the Logos made flesh.¹

C.H. Dodd, in his study of the Gospel of John, The Fourth Gospel, devotes a chapter (and portions of other chapters) to Logos. He begins by distinguishing between the two Stoic meanings of the term: logos endiathetos and logos prophorikos, "the λόγος in the mind and the uttered λόγος- i.e. 'thought' and 'word'." For the Stoics:

λόγος as 'thought' is neither the faculty nor the process of thinking as such, but an articulate unit of thought, capable of intelligible utterance, whether as a single word . . . , a phrase or sentence, or a prolonged discourse, or even a book. Whether or not it is actually uttered (or written) is a secondary matter, almost an accident; in any case it is λόγος. Behind it lies the idea of that which is rationally ordered, such as 'proportion' in mathematics or what we call 'law' in nature. These are examples of the same thing that we experience as articulate thought or meaningful speech.²

Notice that there is an idea "behind" the logos in Dodd's presentation of the Stoic view in much the same way that there is behind the material world of Plato's cosmos an immaterial, divine ideal. The ultimate meaning of the Stoic logos can be only partially apprehended by man's limited intellect and imperfectly expressed by his limited language.

The Jewish Hellenist, Philo of Alexandria (20 B.C. to 45 A.D.), whose thinking had considerable influence on early Christian thinkers, saw the logos as God's instrument in the formation of the world. Functioning in the immaterial world of ideas as well as in the visible things of this world, the logos is the topos, or place, in which the ideal world is situated. The logos is eternal and God's first-born (anticipating the Christian Incarnation), but it is definitely inferior to God.³

According to Gustaf Aulén, the Swedish Protestant theologian, the Apologists often speak of Christ the logos as deuteros theos, an other God, a second God, "and a tendency to use such phrases creeps in wherever the doctrine of the Logos is interpreted in the light of contemporary Greek philosophy."⁴ However, Aulén singles out Irenaeus (ca. 185 A.D.) as the early Father most representative of the main line of patristic thought to typify "a determined

opposition to this philosophical influence."⁵ Aulén does not find in Irenaeus "the brilliant style of Tertullian, the philosophical erudition of Clement or Origen, or the religious depth of Augustine. Yet of all the Fathers there is not one who is more thoroughly representative and typical, or who did more to fix the lines on which Christian thought was to move for centuries after his day."⁶ Irenaeus was reserved in his use of the term logos, preferring the term "Son." He was opposed to the Hellenist way of thinking for this very reason - the logos is the Son, and not an inferior deity or intermediary. "When he uses the term logos, it is in the Johannine sense: 'the Word is God Himself'; he never interprets the logos as a Being separate from God."⁷ We can also note in Irenaeus, though not as pronouncedly as in the Stoics or Philo, continuing traces of the Platonic dualism which cannot reconcile the Ideal and the Real. The Stoic logos is actually transcendent; Philo's logos is a place where the Ideal dwells. Irenaeus makes the logos incarnate flesh, as well as equal to God himself, but the human incarnation is an ideal one. In "Against Heresies" Irenaeus writes, "The Word which exists from the beginning with God, by whom all things were made, who was also present with the race of men at all times, this Word has . . . in the appointed time . . . been united to his own workmanship and been made man. [The Word] did not begin to exist [at the Incarnation] but has existed forever with the Father, but when he was incarnate, he recapitulated [summed up] in himself the long line of the human race."⁸ Attention is directed upwards, toward the Man, the ideal man.

Returning to C.H. Dodd's discussion of St. John's gospel, we can see the Platonic dualism even more in evidence. Dodd's reading is exegetically detailed and quite convincing. His conclusions, on the other hand, are only partially satisfying. That is, he may be giving a completely faithful interpretation of St. John's conception of the logos, but if this is the case, the logos here revealed can have but limited impact in man's experience of the word made FLESH. Dodd says:

We conclude that, along with other quite ordinary uses of the term, the Fourth Evangelist uses the term λόγος in a special sense, to denote the eternal truth (ἀλήθεια) revealed to men by God--this truth as expressed in words (ῥήματα), whether they be the words of Scripture or, more especially, the words of Christ The divine λόγος is not simply the uttered words. It is ἀλήθεια. That is to say, it is a rational content of thought corresponding to the ultimate reality of the universe This form of expression preserves the distance between God and man.⁹

Dodd then emphasizes the fact that only in St. John's Prologue (Ch. i:1-18) is Christ said to be this divine logos.¹⁰ He argues that John was trying to address "a public nurtured in the higher religion of Hellenism," and that he wished "to offer the Logos-idea as the appropriate approach, for them, to the central purport of the Gospel."¹¹ His interpretation of the Prologue, one of the most radical poems in Christian literature, becomes specifically Platonic:

The Prologue . . . is based upon the philosophical conception of two orders of being, distinguished not by succession in time, but by the greater or less measure of reality which they possess. There is the order of pure reality, transcendent and eternal, which is the very thought of God, and there is the empirical order, which is real only as it expresses the eternal order. The world at various levels--the lower creation, the human race, spiritually enlightened humanity--displays an increasing penetration of the lower order by the higher, and increasing dominance of light over darkness, of being over not-being, of truth over error. In terms of such a philosophy, the

absoluteness of the Christian revelation is affirmed in a proposition which declares that in one single area of the universe of space and time phenomena have completely absorbed the reality of the eternal archetype, and that this area is co-extensive with the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.¹²

Dodd is speaking of what I called, at the beginning of this chapter, the "metaphysical logos."

The distinction that can be made between this "metaphysical logos" and the "logos of disclosure" is one for which I am indebted to Vincent Vycinas's profoundly illuminating study of Martin Heidegger, Earth and Gods. Vycinas interprets Heidegger, in part, as follows:

With Plato, Western thought turned into subjectivism.

Understanding beings as objects, and man as a subject, modified the concept of truth. For the early Greek philosophers, truth was the disclosure of reality, and in the era of subjectivism (or metaphysics), truth was considered to be an agreement between the subject and the object.¹³

Later, Vycinas says, "The essence of truth, according to [Heidegger], is aletheia, disclosure."¹⁴ As he continues, Vycinas explains that "truth is never a result of logical play with terms, but is an event of Being which, by coming to be, by erupting into time, carries man as 'ec-sistence.' Only because Being comes to be, can man stand in its openness, 'ec-sist' [stand out; man's unique way of being], be a man."¹⁵ The way in which Being "erupts" into truth will be dealt with more fully shortly; further clarification of "metaphysical subjectivism" is presently needed.

First it should be noted that Heidegger makes no distinction between Subjectivism and Objectivism, because both habits of thought regard man (particularly rational men) as separate, set-apart, a distinct "I." In other words, both Subjectivism and

Objectivism hold man as subject, all else as object, and therefore Heidegger calls them both "subjectivism." He equates subjectivism and metaphysics. He calls Plato the founder of subjectivism, and tries, in his philosophy of Being, to return to the most ancient (the early Greeks, like Heraclitus and Parmenides) and the most near (the ever-unfolding Being of Now). "The one who truly overcomes metaphysics is not a contra-metaphysician but a thinker of Being who thinks beyond metaphysics, beyond the level of subject-object."¹⁶ Vycinas adds that this overcoming "is not the creation of a super-philosophy, but a return to 'the proximity of the most near!'.¹⁷ In this proximity of Being, man is not a subject, and his importance is not placed in his 'I-ness' . . . , but in his self-ness, i.e. in him as in the place of the revelation of Being."¹⁸

Vycinas and Heidegger point to modern science as the logical development of Platonic subjective dualism. Before I return to Dodd and the metaphysical logos, two quotations are offered as concrete illustrations of what Heidegger's terminology can mean.

Vycinas is quoted first:

Man, at the height of modern science, faces the world as a field for his activities, his hunting ground. Everything in the world is considered as related to man [Extreme subjectivism] Everything is considered in relation to man as a subject Never does earth appear as earth to the modern man but always as the object, or the multitude of objects, for exploitation Totality as such is ignored by modern man. For him a whole is a sum or the total of that which is faced by him, but never that which overwhelms him, involves him in its whirlpool, overtops him and makes him an eccentric being--a being whose meaning is placed beyond himself--rather than a concentric isolated island in this totality.¹⁹

The substantial material world has gradually melted away in the hands of the physicists; the taste, colour, hardness, and softness of

material things are all supplied by our own senses, not found in the objects we see and touch, the scientists tell us. When attempting to describe the reality which science finds in the atom, the physicist today, like Plato, is led to mathematical formulae. All that we have left of the atom (and of reality) is a complicated mathematical equation. In The Mysterious Universe, physicist and astronomer Sir James Jeans shows remarkable agreement with Plato and offers an extreme and striking example of metaphysical subjectivism. Concluding his discussion of modern science, Jeans writes:

The essential fact is simply that all the pictures which science now draws of nature, and which alone seem capable of agreeing with observable fact, are mathematical pictures To speak in terms of Plato's well-known simile, we are still imprisoned in our cave, with our backs to the light, and can only watch the shadows on the wall. At present the only task immediately before science is to study these shadows, to classify them and explain them in the simplest possible way. And what we are finding in a whole torrent of surprising new knowledge, is that the way which explains them more fully and more naturally than any other is the mathematical way, the explanation in terms of mathematical concepts. It is true, in a sense somewhat different from that intended by Galileo, that "Nature's great book is written in mathematical language." So true is it that no one except a mathematician need ever hope fully to understand those branches of science which try to unravel the fundamental nature of the universe.²⁰

This concept of [the universe] implies . . . that the final truth about a phenomenon resides in the mathematical description of it; so long as there is no imperfection in this our knowledge of the phenomenon is complete. We go beyond the mathematical formula at our own risk; we may find a model or picture which helps us to understand it, but . . . the making of models or pictures to explain mathematical formulae and the phenomena they describe, is not a step towards but a step away from, reality; it is like making graven images of the spirit.²¹

We discover that the universe shews evidence of a designing or controlling power that has something in common with our own individual minds--not, so far as we have discovered, emotion, morality, or aesthetic appreciation, but the tendency to think in a way which . . . we describe as mathematical.²²

Jeans's book shows clearly how completely a scientist can accept the position that the real and enduring nature of things must be interpreted by mathematical principles rather than in terms of the physical and material objects we see and touch.

The more relentlessly he pursues reality-as-object, the more surely does reality dissipate and withdraw itself from metaphysical man. Jeans denounces mere "models" as steps away from reality, but surely mathematical formulae are as much "models" as are words and pictures. Hopkins once remarked in his journal that "indeed all nature is mechanical, but then it is not seen that mechanics contain that which is beyond mechanics" (IV, 252). Vycinas says, again, that "the move which determined the course of Western thought and gave the first grounds for the rising, developing, and growth of sciences was made by Plato. There truth as physis was replaced by truth as idea."²³

Truth as idea is truth metaphysically hit upon as agreement between subject and object. C.H. Dodd's logos is a "rational content of thought corresponding to the ultimate reality of the universe."²⁴ He distinguishes, in John's Gospel, between greater and lesser realities: "pure reality, transcendent and eternal, . . . and . . . empirical order, which is real only as it expresses the eternal order."²⁵ Dodd's logos is ultimately an Idea, and any amount of theorizing about the logos made flesh still results in an ideal flesh, a lifting of material phenomena out of their cursed baseness into a better kind of reality--Plato's kind; Jeans's kind; a reality which "preserves the distance between God and man."²⁶

On the other hand, the "logos of disclosure" encounters the Incarnation in a near and radical (that is, "going to the root") fashion. Again, I must depend upon Vycinas to help with definitions. In the above quotation, Vycinas uses the word physis, and understanding the implications of this concept is basic to Heidegger's thought. Physis is the root of our words "physical" and "physics," and therefore suggests matter and that which is material. For Heidegger, though, physis is not things or objects. He chooses to understand it in the way the early Greek philosophers understood it. Physis is all - with no separation between "physical" and "spiritual," material and ideal - it is dynamic, it is holy, it is Being.²⁷ But this does not have Heidegger forsake reality for higher spiritual spheres. "On the contrary," says Vycinas, "his thought . . . turns more radically to the things of everyday life with a highly respectful attitude towards them. In fact, the investigation of the earth and the gods brings forth the serenity which backs things and which shows that dwelling as sojourning on the earth among the things is a highly sacred mode of being--being in the neighborhood of the gods."²⁸ We are so conditioned by post-Socratic dualism that such thinking comes very near to sounding like double-talk. Equating the physical and the spiritual is logically impossible. It is not ontologically impossible.

The reader will recall that the essence of truth, for Heidegger, is disclosure.²⁹ Truth is not something which man argues, reasons, or experiments into existence, but "by allowing things to appear the way they are, man, by his revealing attitude, allows them

to be true."³⁰

Parmenides understood Being as the sojourn of sojourning beings. Sojourn . . . , in the word itself, implies presence or temporality Sojourning is "the illuminating-concealing assemblage which is what the λόγος is thought to be, and so named."³¹ The sojourning beings are always related to the illuminating horizon of Being, which comprises them and in which they sojourn. Everything that sojourns, . . . is assembled by the sojourning itself. Being is assembling; the assemblage is logos. Being is the most primary thought.³²

"Assembling" is a graphic word in this context. Earth, physis, Being is constantly assembling, disassembling, reassembling beings. The being in its "assembled-ness" is logos. "The basic starting point for the problem of language, just as for the problem of thinking, is logos, the assemblage" Vycinas continues:

Logos, as the articulated openness within which everything is assembled, is world. Heraclitus' ontological symbol of war can be considered as logos-world. "War is both," says Heraclitus, "king of all and father of all, and it has revealed some as gods, others as men; some it has made slaves, others free."³³ War, the logos, is the assembler, which assembles sojourning beings upon themselves and brings itself to light in the world.³⁴

Physis is the dynamic disclosing-revealing face of the earth. This dynamism (Heraclitus also called it "strife," "fire," or "flux") creates a space, a moment or a light in which a being is assembled and becomes logos.

Since logos is "the assembling letting-lie," it is that which founds everything and is its ground. Everything which is, is indebted for its being to logos. Debt in Greek is aition which in Roman translation is causa, the cause. Hence, logos or physis is the principle and cause, in the sense of the ground of everything. In the post-Socratic philosophies, this situation becomes reversed: nature becomes determined by the principles and causes, instead of being their ground. The articulations or assemblages, the language of physis, logos, accomplished by physis within physis, has been replaced by the sterile universal concepts by which a logical subject was enabled thereafter to order and to control nature.³⁵

In this view, then, logos is not a metaphysical ideal of which nature

is but a dim reflection; logos discloses itself as the ground of Being, and nature is the arena ("openness") in which that disclosure takes place--hence "logos of disclosure."

Emil Brunner is a Christian theologian whose thinking on the Incarnation lies in the area of "logos of disclosure." At times he sounds very much like Heidegger, a fact which even he acknowledges, reluctantly.³⁶ Providing a perfect foil for Dodd, Brunner says, "The 'word' is itself event. It is not an idea, always at our disposal, like the conception of a timeless immanence accessible to human reason The word of God in the Old Testament is a miracle; it proceeds from the mystery of Transcendence; it is not something which has been thought out, but it is a gift."³⁷ Where Heidegger urges man to see the world ontologically, Brunner says creation is to be understood "Christologically."³⁸ Heidegger's truth is disclosure; truth, for Brunner, is an "encounter"³⁹ with the person of Christ:

The world as created by God can only be known through God's revelation: but as created by God, it is the sphere of legitimate natural, or scientific, knowledge. How are we to understand this twofold character of knowledge, without destroying the unity of knowledge? The unity is given to us in the idea that just as the world is based upon the Creator-Logos, so also our natural knowledge, in all its activities, ultimately presupposes the Creator-Logos. Even natural knowledge, which is acquired through the senses and the intellect, is not simply something "profane"; in so far as it wills and grasps Truth, it is something sacred.⁴⁰

The crucial different between Dodd and Brunner is found in their interpretations of the Gospel of John. Brunner's logos is not the better half of a dual universe; he has grasped the outrageous paradox of the non-Platonic statement: "The Word became flesh and

dwelt among us":

[In the Fourth Gospel] we are not given a narrative; there is no series of events; everything is gathered up and concentrated at one decisive point: that God in, and through, the Logos, the Son, has created the world. If we keep this "record of Creation" before our eyes, then we do not need any lengthy system of argument to prove that it is totally different from all mythologies of creation, and also from all philosophical ideas of creation.

In the Prologue to the Gospel of John the Creation is mentioned in a way which we find nowhere else in the Bible; here it is clear that when a believer in Christ speaks of the Creation, he means something different from "explaining" why there is a world, or why things exist Here there is no question of confusing the Creation with a cosmogony. Here the Word which became flesh in Jesus Christ, and the Word of Creation, are one.⁴¹

Brunner goes on to state:

Greek philosophy also knows of a Logos, which makes the world a cosmos. It speaks of the Logos which permeates all existence and binds it into a harmony. It conceives the Cosmos as a work of art, as something actual through which the ideal shimmers. The Logos is the Beauty of the world, the world is the expression of the divine Logos. But this idea of the Logos-Cosmos is completely different from that of the Logos of Creation. God and the world stand alongside of one another, God is not "above" the world as the Lord; He is not "before" the world as the One through whose will alone it comes into existence. Logos and Cosmos are correlative expressions, the one cannot be conceived apart from the other.⁴²

"The Christian doctrine of the Incarnation of the Logos," writes

Paul Tillich, "includes the paradox that the Word has become an object of vision and touch."⁴³ "Paradox," yes; "object," in fact, no.

The Logos is the very ground of Being itself; "that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life" (I John i:1).

III

"CURRENT LANGUAGE HEIGHTENED"

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Earth's curvature, as photographed from Apollo 12, is a thing of beauty and precision. It's also a communication barrier.
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The Medieval scribe, like the ancient scribe, accepted a multileveled approach to his text. Where we find a simple statement, they discovered implications. (McLuhan and Parker)³

Man finds himself in a world where the physical "real" has rapidly dissolved from atoms into spaces into pure mathematical formulae. Man finds himself in a world where his language has rapidly evolved from logos into sharpened tools of thought and discourse into blunt instruments of assault. The beauty, meaning, and reverberation of history in words have been carelessly, often cynically, allowed to diminish. Language has been mechanized. Each word has a job to do, a practical job, which is intended to accomplish an object or goal for the subject of the language--man. "Such a mechanization of language," says Vycinas, "goes right along with the mechanization of the earth (the harnessing of the earth to the slavery of man). Just as the mechanization of language cannot reveal its essence, so the mechanization of earth cannot reveal the essence of the earth."⁴

In the previous chapter we briefly discussed the Heideggerian notion of man as sojourner in a realm of being which is constantly assembling, disassembling, and reassembling itself. Each assemblage is logos, which, if cared for, guarded, and loved, will reveal "the openness of Being." "It is not chaotic but comes to us in meaningful structures. These structures . . . we bring up through our projection in our words where we preserve them."⁵ Among these structures of Being there is a silent but profound conversation of relationship that Heidegger calls "parlance." This parlance can be seen in Hopkins as well:

Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
Selves--goes itself; myself it speaks and spells,
Crying What I do is me: for that I came.
(Poems, 57:5-8)

(The reader will notice that Hopkins has the birds, stones, strings, and bells in this poem "selving" themselves by speaking, spelling, and crying. The verbs Hopkins uses are surely metaphors, but it is not "mere" metaphor, as Chapter VII will make clear.) "Parlance as the articulation of these meaningful structures of that which is, primarily is the language of Being, and not of human speech. By listening to parlance, we speak."⁶ Being which lies assembled in logos primarily originates in our response, our legein,⁷ to it. Legein means to arrange, to utter, with words, a realm in which the profound parlance of Being can continue. Legein is saying. According to Heidegger's lecture "The Way to Language":

Saying is showing. In everything that speaks to us, in everything that touches us by being spoken and spoken about, in everything that gives itself to us in speaking, or waits for us unspoken, but also in the speaking that we do ourselves, there prevails Showing which causes to appear what is present, and to fade from appearance what is absent Saying sets all present beings free into their given presence, and brings what is absent into their absence. Saying pervades and structures the openness of that clearing which every appearance must seek out and every disappearance must leave behind, and in which every present or absent being must show, say, announce itself.

Saying is the gathering that joins all appearance of the in itself manifold showing which everywhere lets all that is shown abide within itself.⁸

Vycinas adds:

Since we know logos, the voiceless words of Being, we can talk and we can encounter things

A word is always more than a term. Scrupulously sticking to the terms instead of words, the so-called 'scientific diagnosticians' of the thoughts of former philosophers are actually far removed from the sayings of these philosophers, from the words of Being in them. One who uses words just as disposable instruments, i.e. as terms, never can bring the language of Being into the human language.⁹

Bringing the parlance of Being into human saying is the role of the poet. The poet is the preserver of language whose creative and careful response to Being (saying; legein) prevents language from petrifying into algebra. "If it were not for the Poetic or Prophetic character," wrote William Blake, "the Philosophic & experimental would soon be at the ratio of all things, & stand still, unable to do other than repeat the same dull round over again."¹⁰

A famous poem by Archibald MacLeish, "Ars Poetica," concludes that "A poem should not mean/ But be." Within the terms of reference that this study is attempting to establish, such a pronouncement on the nature and function of poetry is unsatisfactory. In the first place, it is too facile. Secondly, it seems contradictory. One might say, for example, "This poem means that poems should not mean."

Most important, though, MacLeish is drastically over-simplifying matters by suggesting that "meaning" and "being" are somehow mutually exclusive territories. I contend that "meaning" and "being" are virtual synonyms and that the real ars poetica is to expose the truth of being, to make meaning (The Greek root for our word "poet" is the verb poieo, to make). Owen Barfield says:

Words whose meanings are relatively fixed and established, words which can be defined - words, that is, which are used with precisely the same connotation by different speakers - are results, they are things become. The arrangement and re-arrangement of such univocal terms in a series of propositions is the function of logic The poetic has nothing to do with this. It can only manifest itself as fresh meaning; it operates within the individual term, which it creates and re-creates by the magic of new combinations. Horace chose his iunctura, and Maupassant his contact, well: for in the pure heat of poetic expression juxtaposition is far more important than either logic or grammar. Thus the poet's relation to terms is that of maker. And it is in this making of terms - that we can divine the very poetic itself."¹¹

Barfield says the poetic faculty makes terms, makes words, makes meaning in the magic of its utterances. Heidegger says that legein, by the poet, sets beings free into their given presence. "Saying pervades and structures the openness of that clearing which every appearance must seek out . . . , and in which every present . . . being must show, say, announce itself."¹² That which Is, Means. In his lecture, "The Nature of Language," Heidegger explains the relation between "is" and the word:

Neither the "is" nor the word attain to thinghood, to Being, nor does the relation between "is" and the word, the word whose task is to give an "is" in each given instance. But even so, neither the "is" nor the word and its Saying can be cast out into the void of mere nothingness. What, then, does the poetic experience with the word show as our thinking pursues it? It points to something thought-provoking and memorable with which thinking has been charged from the beginning, even though in a veiled manner. It shows what is there and yet "is" not. The word, too, belongs to what is there -

perhaps not merely "too" but first of all, and even in such a way that the word, the nature of a word, conceals within itself that which gives being.¹³

The poetic faculty carefully burnishes old words and coins new, with the result that the contact of metaphor and the parlance of Being disclose a worth and significance no dictionary could measure. In 1885 Hopkins wrote to Patmore: "To have criticised [Angel in the House] looks now like meddling with the altar-vessels; yet they too are burnished with washleather" (IV, 362).

The poet can make meaning in, basically, four ways. He can actually create new words; he can resurrect forgotten meanings in already-existing words; he can, by metaphor and disclosure of relationship, create new meanings for old words; and, by caring for and "framing-in" the logos, he preserves Being in its disclosure of truth. Used in this sense, "meaning" is limited in scope, of course, and implies that which is intended or actually expressed by a word. Gerard Manley Hopkins, in his understanding and practice of poetry, in his concern for language, husbanded logos and legein assiduously.

From the time Hopkins was nineteen years old, his diaries (especially those of 1863-65) reveal an extraordinary fondness for words. These amateur etymological studies¹⁴ show the apprentice poet learning the rudiments of his craft. Scholars have shown that Hopkins's speculations on word-derivations and relationships have not always been accurate,¹⁵ but nevertheless what is apparent is the mind of a young man devoted to the sounds, the shapes, the sensations, and sense-variations of words. From his youth Hopkins is shown caring for and cultivating language. I offer three short examples from the

diaries of 1863 - some of them nearly poems in their own right:

Grind, gride, gird, grit, groat, grate, greet, κρότειν, crush, crash, κρότειν, etc.

Original meaning to strike, rub, particularly together. That which is produced by such means is the grit, the groats or crumbs, like fragmentum from frangere, bit from bite. Crumb, crumble perhaps akin. To greet, to strike the hands together (?). Greet, grief, wearing, tribulation. Grief possibly connected. Gruff, with a sound as of two things rubbing together. I believe these words to be onomatopoetic. Gr common to them all representing a particular sound. In fact I think the onomatopoetic theory has not had a fair chance. Cf. Crack, creak, croak, crake, graculus, crackle. These must be onomatopoetic.

(IV, 5)

slip, slipper, slop, slabby (muddy), slide, perhaps slope, but if slope is thus connected what are we to say of slant?

(IV, 9)

Shear, shred, potsherd, shard.

The ploughshare that which divided the soil. Share probably = divide. Shrad also, which is the same as shred.

Shire, a division of land? Shore, where the land is cut by the water?

Shower, cf. shred, a fall of water in little shreds or divisions? Short, cut off, curtailed.

(IV, 12)

No word is a mere label. Even words we would commonly pass over as being little more than useful semantic building blocks or hole-fillers, Hopkins called "Pregnant Putting the stone. - The good ship. - To put things, i.e. represent them" (IV, 19). "Re-presenting" things is very close to Heidegger's idea that in word and language things become and remain things.

Hopkins's etymological experiments grew into a philosophy of language and, ultimately, a philosophy of poetry. He thought of words, not as instruments with pragmatic functions, but as possessing in themselves efficacy and physical, bodily potential. They are not symbols of the mathematical sort, but "bodies" that live, move, and

have their being in the Being framed in by them. There are no abstractions in Hopkins's language; "All words mean either things or relations of things," he wrote in 1868, and ". . . to every word meaning a thing and not a relation belongs a passion or prepossession or enthusiasm which it has the power of suggesting or producing" (IV, 125, my italics). Later, in his lecture notes on "Rhythm and other Structural Parts," he urged again the "thing-ness," the palpability of words. "We may think of words as heavy bodies, as indoor and out of door objects of nature or man's art Every visible palpable body has a centre of gravity round which it is in balance and a centre of illumination or highspot or quickspace up to which it is lighted and down from which it is shaded" (IV, 269, my italics).

Of course, no one who uses language is so vigilant that each word that he hears, says, or writes is invested with all its potential. Much everyday use of language finds speaker and listener, writer and reader, quite oblivious to the "parlance" of words and things. The noises, the symbols, and the meanings of everyday discourse become conventional (if meaningful at all) and formulaic: "How are you?"; "Fine thank you"; "Drive carefully"; even, "I love you." These gestures, verbal tics, separate speaker, spoken-to, and words from their ontological basis. Neither speaker nor hearer are taking care of that which they are speaking. Reality and Saying are thus divorced. "Such an eradicated parlance, Heidegger calls chatter Just as parlance means the disclosure . . . of [Being], so chatting means the opposite, namely the concealment . . . of [Being]."¹⁶ "Idle talk [chatter, Gerede] is the possibility of

understanding everything without previously making the thing one's own."¹⁷ Recognizing the manifold emptiness of so much current language, Hopkins wrote to Bridges a letter containing a definition of poetic language which has one element in common with Heidegger's notion of chatter: "The poetical language of an age shd. be the current language heightened, to any degree heightened and unlike itself, but not . . . an obsolete one" (I, 89). The language of poetry is heightened in beauty, pattern, and pregnancy because it must have and reveal inscape. In lecture notes on "Poetry and Verse," Hopkins attempts the following definition of poetry:

Poetry is speech framed for contemplation of the mind by the way of hearing or speech framed to be heard for its own sake and interest even over and above its interest of meaning. Some matter and meaning is essential to it but only as an element necessary to support and employ the shape which is contemplated for its own sake. (Poetry is in fact speech only employed to carry the inscape of speech for the inscape's sake - and therefore the inscape must be dwelt on)

(IV, 289, my italics)

The words themselves are of such consequence they must be framed carefully so their shapes will most effectively disclose the inscape of the language itself. "But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music and design in painting, so design, pattern or what I am in the habit of calling 'inscape' is what I above all aim at in poetry" (I, 66).

Hopkins never formally defined "inscape," but there are two important features to be noted in the preceding allusions to that term. In the first place, "shape," "design" and "pattern" are obviously the operative and analogous words. Secondly, the word "inscape" itself can suggest "inner landscape" or "inner scape."¹⁸ My

point is this; inscape is an arrangement which holds in balance the composition of both the outer design and inner scape of a thing. Seen in this way, inscape seems very like Heidegger's "assemblage" of the logos of Being. It is in this assemblage, or inscape, that ultimate truth (not merely the logical truth of "making sense") is disclosed, that Meaning and Being co-exist. In discussing Hopkins's definition of poetry, Robert Boyle says, "Prose intends to interpret reality, to carry being into the mind; a poem intends to take its place in reality, to be a being that the mind may contemplate by way of ear, to draw the mind out into real being."¹⁹

Of course, words are more than design or pattern; all words have meaning, however fossilized or meager. Hopkins surely did not belittle the element of meaning in the words of his poetry. A word is not merely a meaning; it is not just a label for something more real and more true. Words have "passion," "prepossession," and "enthusiasm." But literal meaning is integral to inscape, and few poets have pursued meaning with such rigorous precision as did Hopkins. He wrote of meaning "exploding" (I, 98) and painstakingly paraphrased poems for his correspondents to make them understand that such and such a word conveyed the only appropriate meaning in such and such a poem. Scores of examples could be cited. Apparently Bridges once questioned certain lines from The Loss of the Eurydice ("One stroke/Felled and furled them, the hearts of oak!" ll. 5-6; and "Must it, worst weather,/ Blast bole and bloom together?" ll. 15-16). Hopkins defended his word-choices:

How are hearts of oak furlled? Well, in sand and sea water. The image comes out true under the circumstances, otherwise it could not hold together. You are to suppose a stroke or blast in a forest of 'hearts of oak' (=, ad propositum, sound oak-timber) which at one blow both lays them low and buries them in broken earth. Furling (ferrule is a blunder for furl, I think) is proper when said of sticks or staves.

So too of bole, I don't see your objection here at all. It is not only used by poets but seems technical and proper and in the mouth of timber merchants and so forth.

(I, 52)

On another occasion, speaking of "The Leaden Echo," Hopkins said:

I cannot satisfy myself about the first line. You must know that words like charm and enchantment will not do: the thought is of beauty as of something that can be physically kept and lost and by physical things only, like keys; then the things must come from the mundus muliebris; and thirdly they must not be markedly oldfashioned. You will see that this limits the choice of words very much indeed Back is not pretty, but it gives that feeling of physical constraint which I want.

(I, 161-62)

"The Leaden Echo" begins:

How to kēep--is there āny any, is there none such, nowhere
known some, bow or brooch or braid or brace, lāce,
latch or catch or key to keep
Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty, . . . from vanish-
ing away?

(Poems, 59:1-2)

"Charm" or "spell" or "magic" would not do. Loss of beauty is physical, and the "keeping" words ("bow," "brooch," "braid," etc.) must be tangible. Their meaning is almost tangible, and their sound, singly and collectively, reinforces tangibility.

Later in their correspondence, Bridges queried the image of "foil" in the opening lines of "God's Grandeur":

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed.

(Poems, 31:1-4)

These two images are quite remarkable. Images of flame and oil unite the first quatrain of the sonnet with the rejuvenating power of the Holy Ghost (whose traditional symbols include the tongue of flame and the anointing oil) in the sestet. The images are deliberately made to be too trivial to contain, even metaphorically, God's grandeur.

Images of flame and oil arise in the second quatrain as vast "searing" and "smearing" agents of destruction. Behind the "ooze of oil/Crushed" there is even hidden, like a treasure, an intimation of Christ's Passion. "Gethsemane" (Γεθσημανει) is literally an oil press.²⁰ Hopkins defended "shook foil" vigourously:

I protest, and with indignation, at your saying I was driven to the . . . image. With more truth might it be said that my sonnet might have been written expressly for the image's sake . . . I do not mean by foil set-off at all; I mean foil in its sense of leaf or tinsel, and no other word whatever will give the effect I want. Shaken gold-foil gives off broad glares like sheet lightning and also, and this is true of nothing else, owing to its zigzag dints and creasings and network of small many cornered facets, a sort of fork lightning too.

(I, 168-69, my italics)

Then there is the graphic elucidation of an early version of "The Sea and the Skylark":²¹

'Rash-fresh more' (it is dreadful to explain these things in cold blood) means a headlong and exciting new snatch of singing, resumption by the lark of his song, which by turns he gives over and takes up again all day long, and this goes on, the sonnet says, through all time, without ever losing its first freshness, being a thing both new and old. Repair means the same thing, renewal, resumption. The skein and coil are the lark's song, which from his height gives the impression (not to me only) of something falling to the earth and not vertically quite but tricklingly or wavingly, something as a skein of silk ribbed by having been tightly wound on a narrow card or a notched holder or as a fishingtackle or twine unwinding from a reel or winch: the laps or folds are the notes or short measures and bars of them. The same is called a score in the musical sense of score and this score is 'writ upon a liquid sky trembling to welcome it', only not horizontally. The lark in wild glee races the reel round, paying or dealing out and down and turns of the skein or coil right

to the earth floor, the ground, where it lies in a heap, as it were, or rather is all wound off on to another winch, reel, bobbin, or spool in Fancy's eye by the moment the bird touches earth and so is ready for a fresh unwinding at the next flight. There is, you see, plenty meant.

(I, 164, final italics mine)

There is indeed plenty meant; and when existing words or existing meanings proved inadequate, Hopkins coined words or created meanings to fill his poetic needs. In his attempts to hit upon the word to unfold just the right meaning, evocation, sound, and rhythm in a specific poem, Hopkins often felt compelled to produce a detonating effect by making new words. His purpose was to see, catch, and hold the inscape of both language and subject in the verbal construction of the poem. Individually distinctive words were sometimes needed to convey the individual distinctiveness (or inscape) of the subject. Two specific examples from The Wreck of the Deutschland illustrate the blooming of meaning-grounded-in-metaphor that can take place when language is cultivated by the poet. In the nineteenth stanza of that poem, Hopkins describes a frightful storm at sea and its effect upon the leader of five Franciscan nuns aboard the "Deutschland":

And the inboard seas run swirling and hawling;
The rash smart sloggering brine
Blinds her;

(Poems, 28:19:3-5)

The two adjectives, "rash smart," emphasize the pain-inflicting, headlong surge of the stormy waves, but "sloggering" adds an entirely new meaning to the existing verb "to slogger." In its athletic context, a "slogger" is just a noun, and means, among other things, "One who delivers heavy blows" (O.E.D.). The associated verb is "to

slog": "To hit or strike hard; to drive with blows" (O.E.D.). The verb "to slogger," on the other hand, has one meaning only, and it is quite unrelated to heavy blows or hitting: "To hang loosely; to go about untidily" (O.E.D.). With this meaning, "to slogger" will not do as the root of Hopkins's participle "sloggering." The poet, then, has recalled the original noun, ignored the proper verbal construction ("slogging") for this poetic situation, and, happily, chosen to make a nearly onomatopoeitic verbal noun (cf. "slobber") that intensifies the violent impact of the brine against the nun's face.

In stanza twenty-three, the poet addresses St. Francis, who bore the stigmata of Christ's five wounds:

Joy fall to thee, father Francis,
 Drawn to the Life that died;
 With the gnarls of the nails in thee, niche of the lance,
 his
 Lovescape crucified

(Poems, 28:23:1-4)

"Drawn" is interesting in its double suggestion of outlined and attracted, but the created word is "lovescape." Just as a "landscape" is "a view or prospect of natural inland scenery, such as can be taken in at a glance from one point of view" (O.E.D.), so "lovescape" suggests the embodiment of love that the eye can comprehend in a single view. For Hopkins, this love would be most plainly drawn and most attractive in the body and sacrifice of Christ, and the surest "scape" or design or image of that love would be his visible body with its five wounds - but in this case more likely the five wounds of St. Francis.

In each of these examples, the poet built new words out of

already existing words. He did not just hammer nonsense syllables together and arbitrarily tack meanings to them. In poetry, a coinage is not justified unless it is musically (or humourously) effective, or unless its meaning, or the gist of it, is either immediately apparent, or discoverable by intelligent and careful reading of the text. "Lovescape" becomes quite clear and eloquently metaphorical. For "sloggering," one must know what a "slogger" is, make a necessary metaphorical transposition from sport to sea-waves, change a noun into a verb, and listen to it splash. In this way, new words are born - but not ex nihilo (parents exist in the existing language and in the parlance of Being), not without labour, and surely not without the loving spasm of creative metaphor.

Another way of making meaning (that is of being a "maker," a poet) is to resurrect forgotten meanings in extant words. "Poetry," according to Shelley, "creates anew the universe [and meaning], after it has been annihilated in our minds by the recurrence of impressions blunted by reiteration."²² The poet utters the assembled logos, and in order to achieve a singularity and uniqueness in this utterance he does, at times, use words in ways that may have become obsolete. The old meaning is thereby re-uncovered, and the language of Being is enriched. I offer two examples of Hopkins's resurrection of meaning.

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
 O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
 The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
 Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!
 (Poems, 32:1-4, my italics)

As a dare-gale skylark scanted in a dull cage
 Man's mounting spirit in his bone-house, mean house,
 dwells.

(Poems, 39:1-2, my italics)

In the first example, the poet directs the reader's attention to the many sparklings and shimmerings of a starlit night. The word in question is "delves," and it is common enough as a verb meaning "to dig." In this instance, though, it is not used as a verb, but as a noun (an "earlier version reads 'diamond wells,'" Poems, p. 264) which might have one of two meanings - both of which have lost currency. The first possible meaning would make "delves" the plural of the antiquated "delf," "a cavity in or under the ground; excavation, pit, den" (O.E.D.). (See Shelley's Hymn to Mercury, xix, "He gathered in a delve upon the ground.") In the poem, then, the poet would be exhorting the reader to look at the mysterious glimmerings in the "dim woods" as though they were diamond mines. Secondly, in old mining terminology again, a "delve" is (the O.E.D. quotes Phillips, 1706) "a certain quantity of Coals [diamonds in this instance] digged in the Mine or Pit." The sparkling lights in the woods do not come from a diamond mine, but from newly mined diamonds. This second sense, even though obsolete, is imagistically most apt.

In "The Caged Skylark" (Poems, 39), Hopkins uses "bone-house" as a metaphor for the human body. "Bone-house" has a history that goes back to the eighth century and Beowulf. In that epic poem the Old English word bān-hūs occurs twice as a kenning for body, in lines 2508 and 3147. (In Poems, 269, Gardner and MacKenzie cite the first of these two references.) The word's ancestry is long and

distinguished, but some time before Hopkins it fell into disuse - waiting for the poet to bring it back to life.

Hopkins does not merely recirculate old meanings for the sake of cleverness (he despised affectation²³). The successful recollection of old meanings from obsolescence is crucially dependent upon the metaphorical vitality of the poem. Each of the words I have used as examples becomes a metaphor and, as such, offers life to the poem rather than vain affectation. Metaphor makes and keeps the poems alive, explosive, and meaningful. As Owen Barfield says:

One of the first things that a student of etymology - even quite an amateur student - discovers for himself is that every modern language, with its thousands of abstract terms and its nuances of meaning and association, is apparently nothing, from beginning to end, but an unconscionable tissue of dead, or petrified, metaphors. If we trace the meanings of a great many words - or those of elements of which they are composed - about as far back as etymology can take us, we are at once made to realize that an overwhelming proportion, if not all, of them referred in earlier days to one of these two things - a solid, sensible object, or some animal (probably human) activity.²⁴

Theoretically speaking, each time a poet uses a word or phrase metaphorically to incarnate his vision, he creates a new meaning for that word or phrase. Metaphor is the principal agent by which creation of meaning is achieved, since metaphor makes to be what previously was not.

A side-effect of boldness and innovation can be obscurity, however. Not one of the three men, Bridges, Dixon, and Patmore, all poets themselves, who read Hopkins's poetry while Hopkins was alive fully understood it. They were variously puzzled, amazed, or annoyed by his "eccentricities" of form and language. Sometimes they were put off altogether. Immediate clarity, however, was not Hopkins's

first goal: "Obscurity I do and will try to avoid so far as is consistent with excellences higher than clearness at a first reading" (I, 54). "One of two kinds of clearness one shd. have - either the meaning to be felt without effort as fast as one reads or else, if dark at first reading, when once made out to explode" (I, 90). It is the business of prose to be clear. Poetry's prime purpose is self-contained; it is a framing-in of the totality of the inscape of language and Being, and that involves more than "meaning." Bridges' largely negative reactions are well-known from his "Preface to Notes" in the First Edition of Hopkins's poetry.²⁵ Such words as "oddity," "obscurity," "mannerisms," "extravagance," and even "freaks," and "childishness" recur in Bridges' piece. He wrote: "As regards Oddity then, it is plain that the poet was himself fully alive to it, but he was not sufficiently aware of his obscurity, and he could not understand why his friends found his sentences so difficult" (Poems, p. 241).

In a letter to Bridges, written in 1878, Hopkins replied to what must have been a stinging criticism of The Wreck of the Deutschland, defending himself against the charge of obscurity. The letter is straightforward and to the point:

I must tell you I am sorry you never read the Deutschland again.

Granted that it needs study and is obscure, for indeed I was not over-desirous that the meaning of all should be quite clear, at least unmistakeable, you might, without the effort that to make it all out would seem to have required, have nevertheless read it so that lines and stanzas should be left in the memory and superficial impressions deepened, and have liked some without exhausting all. I am sure I have read and enjoyed pages of poetry that way. Why, sometimes one enjoys and admires the very lines one cannot understand, as

for instance 'If it were done when 'tis done' sqq., which is all obscure and disputed, though how fine it is everybody sees and nobody disputes. And so of many more passages in Shakespere and others. Besides you would have got more weathered to the style and its features - not really odd. Now they say that vessels sailing from the port of London will take (perhaps it should be used once to take) Thames water for the voyage: it was foul and stunk at first as the ship worked but by degrees casting its filth was in a few days very pure and sweet and wholesomer and better than any water in the world. However that maybe, it is true to my purpose. When a new thing, such as my ventures in the Deutschland are, is presented us our first criticisms are not our truest, best, most homefelt, or most lasting but what come easiest on the instant. They are barbarous and like what the ignorant and the ruck say. This was so with you. The Deutschland on her first run worked very much and unsettled you, thickening and clouding your mind with vulgar mudbottom and common sewage (I see that I am going it with the image) and just then unhappily you drew off your criticisms all stinking (a necessity now of the image) and bilgy, whereas if you had let your thoughts cast themselves they would have been clearer in themselves and more to my taste too. I did not heed them therefore, perceiving they were a first drawing-off.

(I, 50-51)

Nine years later he was still defending himself against Bridges's charges of obscurity, tenaciously maintaining that he was willing, in his endeavour to heighten the current language, to give up instant intelligibility:

My meaning surely ought to appear of itself; but in a language like English, and in an age of it like the present, written words are really matter open and indifferent to the receiving of different and alternative verse-forms Plainly if it is possible to express a sub[t]le and recondite thought on a subtle and recondite subject in a subtle and recondite way and with great felicity and perfection, in the end, something must be sacrificed, with so trying a task, in the process, and this may be the being at once, nay perhaps even the being without explanation at all, intelligible.

(I, 265-66)

There is parlance, not just message, in Hopkins's poetry.

A communicating relationship, like that which exists between things in nature, exists between Hopkins's poem-words themselves - in their sound-patterns and textures, rhythms and imagery, in the

muscular demands they make on the body - in addition to the sensible demands the words make on the mind of the reader. Hopkins's saying (legein) is as much arrangement of meaning as it is arrangement of meaning (See above pp. 57-58). "My verse is less to be read than heard, as I have told you before; it is oratorical, that is the rhythm is so" (I, 46). "To do the Eurydice any kind of justice you must not slovenly read it with the eyes but with your ears, as if the paper were declaiming it at you Stress is the life of it" (I, 51-2). "Of this long sonnet [Poems, 61] above all remember what applies to all my verse, that it is, as living art should be, made for performance and that its performance is not reading with the eye but loud, leisurely, poetical (not rhetorical) recitation, with long rests, long dwells on the rhyme and other marked syllables, and so on. This sonnet shd. be almost sung" (I, 246). In "The Nature of Language," Heidegger writes: "It is just as much a property of language to sound and ring and vibrate, to hover and to tremble, as it is for the spoken words of language to carry a meaning."²⁶ Hopkins tried deliberately to achieve an effect of vibration and simultaneity. We could call it "intensity" or, better, "focusing" (the latter term plainly suggests bringing all the disparate elements of a poetic composition into a concentration of heat and power). Hopkins said, "It is plain that metre, rhythm, rhyme, and all the structure which is called verse both necessitate and engender a difference in diction and thought. The effect of verse is one on expression and on thought, viz. concentration and all which is implied by this" (IV, 84). The focused intensity of his utterance (and not simply the utterance of

intense emotions) is visible in the words and grammar of his poems and can be felt in the nearly physical weight and stress of each word as it falls from the tongue and "does so rinse and wring/ The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing" (Poems, 33:4-5). Donald McChesney says: "The ecstatic play of sound and rhythm, and the odd intensity of word and image convey an experience far beyond the mere transmission of some dogmatic statement."²⁷ One can find examples literally at random in the poetry of Hopkins's maturity. His priestly sonnet "Felix Randall" concludes:

How far from then forethought of, all thy more boisterous
years,
When thou at the random grim forge, powerful amidst peers,
Didst fettle for the great grey drayhorse his bright and
battering sandal!

(Poems, 53:12-14)

If the reader ignores the meaning, and simply reads these three lines aloud, trying to overlook the irregularity of the rhythm, he will notice that the verbal structure prohibits muscular laziness of lips, tongue, throat, and diaphragm. They are exercised like the arms of a blacksmith. In the first line Hopkins employs no less than four "o" sounds, each one having an audibly different quality from the others. (It may be argued that "fore-" and "more" are identical, but the first is in fact stressed; "more" is unstressed.) The "r's" roll through this line, and four "f's" (three of them alliterating) hissingly anticipate the inferno of the forge. Three sibilating "s's" contribute to similar effect. "Random grim forge" is right as a nearly musical chord. The alliterating "t" and "b" sounds of the last line are a series of hammer blows rivetting the image onto

the mind. The poem culminates in a "sandal" that vibrates like a heavy tuning fork.

Lines 8 - 10 of the powerful "Spelt from Sybil's Leaves" can also demonstrate inscape of words for the inscape's sake:

Oúr évening is over us; oúr night whélms, whélms,
 and will end us.
 Only the beakleaved boughs dragonish damask the tool-
 smooth bleak light, black,
 Ever so black on it.

(Poems, 61:8-10)

Again the lines should be read aloud, over and above interests of meaning. As in "Felix Randall" there is a ringing in the first line, but it is a knell, ominous and slow. Given the stress-marks in this line (they are Hopkins's own), it is impossible to read the line quickly. One cannot stress both "our" and "ev-" without being forced to dwell on each syllable. The majority of the vowels are long, and even the short vowels are couched in words like "whelm," impossible to hurry over, in which each consonant demands individual attention. "Whelm" throbs twice and is later echoed in the near-rhyme of "will end." The last two lines of the quotation are unsettlingly vivid in image and sound. Onomatopoeetically, the screaming "ea's" are etched into one's consciousness by the acid "k's" and "s's." "Damask the tool-smooth bleak light, black . . ." is tangibly mimetic.

It is worthwhile to look more closely for a moment at the word "damask." Critics usually agree, and rightly, that it is a verb, cognate with "damascene," meaning "ornament with patterns, like those on a sword-blade" (Poems, p. 284). Apparently, though, Hopkins is working this word on more than one level. The imagery of the line

is decidedly metallic, and therefore one of the substantive senses of "damask" is appropriately called to mind: "The wavy pattern on the surface of Damascus steel, or of iron and steel welded together and corroded with weak acid" (O.E.D.). Nevertheless, these meanings connote beauty and craftsmanship, and therefore appear to be out of place in the terrible vision of "Spelt from Sybil's Leaves." We find, then, that an alternate verbal meaning of "damask" is "To deface or destroy, by stamping or marking with lines and figures" (O.E.D.). The night sky is potently and aptly presented as metallic, but defaced by the monstrous beaks of dragonish trees.

Meaning, however, is passive, a fact, something over and done with. Poetry is active because it is disclosure, an assemblage of Being itself, sometimes even an explosion. Hopkins has written:

Poetry proper [is] the language of inspiration. The word inspiration need cause no difficulty. I mean by it a mood of great, abnormal in fact, mental acuteness, either energetic or receptive, according as the thoughts which arise in it seem generated by a stress and action of the brain, or to strike into it unasked. This mood arises from various causes, physical generally, as good health or state of the air or, prosaic as it is, length of time after a meal. But I need not go into this; all that is needful to mark is, that the poetry of inspiration can only be written in this mood of mind, even if it only last a minute, by poets themselves.

(III, 216, my italics)

Again, "focusing" is important. The intellect, the body, the emotions, and the senses are brought to a unified and unifying utterance in Hopkins's poetry. At times (in fact, usually) Hopkins was, by the combination of forces and stresses outside and within him, made to write:

Ah, touched in your bower of bone,
 Are you! turned for an exquisite smart,
 Have you! make words break from me here all alone,
 Do you!--mother of being in me, heart.
 O unteachably after evil, but uttering truth.

(Poems, 28:18:1-5)

To Bridges he wrote: "I have after long silence written two sonnets, which I am touching: if ever anything was written in blood one of these was" (I, 219). "Poetry is produced," said Benedetto Croce,

. . . not by the mere caprice of pleasure, but by natural necessity. It is so far from being superfluous and capable of elimination, that without it thought cannot arise: it is the primary activity of the human mind. Man, before he has arrived at the stage of forming universals, forms imaginary ideas. Before he reflects with a clear mind, he apprehends with faculties confused and disturbed: before he can articulate, he sings: before speaking in prose, he speaks in verse: before using technical terms, he uses metaphors, and the metaphorical use of words is as natural to him as that which we call 'natural.'²⁹

One can agree with Croce's view that poetry is produced by necessity, but he appears, in this quotation, to be relegating poetry to a primary, but inferior, state - an entertaining but "confused" stage through which man must pass before he can think clearly in "universals."

Hopkins's habit of mind was quite different. He believed that the truth of earth and God dwelt in the assembled particularities of inscape - logos. What Heidegger calls the "to-be-in-the-world" or "Dasein" does not discover the truth of itself by examining universals, but by "handling the implements, or dealing with the things of its surroundings."³⁰ "Care-taking is the basis of man's relation to the world, and in no wise is this basis the reference of man as subject to the world as an object."³¹ The world of Hopkins is charged with the responsibility of caring for the grandeur of God's

creation, not using it to get beyond physis into an other-worldly state:

Of if we but knew what we do
 When we delve or hew--
 Hack and rack the growing green!
 Since country is so tender
 To touch, her being só slender,
 That, like this sleek and seeing ball
 But a prick will make no eye at all,
 Where we, even where we mean
 To mend her we end her,
 When we hew or delve:
 After-comers cannot guess the beauty been.
 (Poems, 43:9-19)

Care-taking in the sense of physical husbandry and "stewardship" is easily understood. Heidegger says, however, that knowing, "cognition," or "taking-into-attention" is also a way of caretaking.³² In the conventional, post-Socratic way of thinking, one must know something before one can say something. But for the Greeks, "the way Heidegger interprets them, . . . the saying, legein, is anterior to knowing, noein. However, legein here is not human 'speech' but that which renders speech possible; it is a more fundamental mode of saying. Legein is the letting-lie and noein - the taking-into-attention. The taking-into-attention is such a taking which lets that which is taken into attention, lie the way it is laid."³³ Now this legein is founded on logos. To talk or to think means to let a thing be as it is in its earthly assemblage (the logos of physis). The poet, then,

. . . is the peak of 'man-ness' - not because of his inner content or spiritual development but because of his openness . . . to the higher, wordly [sic] realities. Openness to the world is openness to logos, which enables man to speak a word. The poetical word is the primary word; it stands at the beginning of the language and history of a nation Without a poet and his word there is

no world. However, a poet or his word does not cause a world, but rather the poet and his word are needed for a world to be a world. Logos as demand is in need of human response to be logos.

Poetry . . . is the logos of physis as brought into the nation's world by the works of a man who is aware of logos - the fundamental language - and who lets it appear in his works The making of a thing is a mode of dwelling, and poetry is the finest mode of dwelling Poetry, the fundamental mode of dwelling, does not receive the standards from an already framed-in world, but takes these standards as though from nothing, because it frames-in a world which renders possible anything whatsoever By doing this a poet rescues man from his being lost in inauthentic everydayness and brings him into the authentic mode of existence. Poetry founds a world.³⁴

Hopkins's sonnet "Ribblesdale" (Poems, 58), though a rather labourious piece, is thematically relevant here. The sweet earth, "that canst but only be," has man for its "eye, tongue, or heart." Earth has seldom had a more vigilant spokesmen than Hopkins, but, as a whole, mankind is bent on pursuing a subject-object course of devastating carelessness:

Ah, the heir
To his own selfbent so bound, so tied to his turn,

To thriftless reave both our rich round world bare
And none reck of world after, this bids wear
Earth brows of such care, care and dear concern.
(Poems, 58:10-14)

If a poem works as a frame or structure, if it has integrity or inscape, it founds a world and authenticates (makes meaningful) the being of man, earth, and God. It founds a world because it demonstrates careful respect for each word as well as the granite of the world, the "ground of being," God (Poems, 28:32:6). Such a world always is, but until man takes cognition of the profound parlance of being, lets to-be-in-the-world lie as it is laid in its assembledness, ceases to regard earth as mere object, the earth will

only be and will not mean. Hopkins's care-taking concern for, and parlance with, the revealing-concealing physis around and in him obligated him to respond (legein) to the assembled logos of the earth, mortals, and God, in order that the flux of Being might be brought to a stand in his poetry. Logos as Truth, theophany, is thereby unfolded. Each thing, each life, each mood authenticates the divine Logos by Hopkins's fidelity to his openness which enabled him to speak the word. The assemblage, the framing-in of the poet's legein, brings to a stand the fundamental language, the logos:

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
 Times told lovelier, more dangerous.

(Poems, 36:9-11, my italics)

The logos is "more dangerous" in this context because language does have its frontiers; its probes dangerously near a greater making, a Logos vastly greater than the poet's own. "Where the word of the poet ceases, a great light begins."³⁵ Then the infinitude of detail will be subsumed by the massive unity of the thing, the microscopic will give way to the cosmic. Perhaps the rest is indeed silence.

IV

"EACH TUCKED STRING TELLS"

The essence of poetry is fiction. (Newman)¹

Greater than all recorded miracles have been performed by Pens
The WORD is well said to be omnipotent in the world; man, thereby
divine, can create as by a Fiat. (Carlyle)²

"A budded lime against the field wall: turn, pose, and counterpoint
in twigs and buds - the form speaking" (IV, 163). The phrase "the
form speaking" was written in 1868, when "inscape" and "instress"
were first appearing in Hopkins's vocabulary. In a notebook dated
February 9, 1868 and headed "Notes on the history of Greek Philosophy,
etc." these words are used probably for the first times. The collec-
tion contains two items, and only the second uses the new words (the
first speaks of "scapes"). Both entries are important and discuss
the way words express things.

The first entry is only two pages long (IV, 125-26) and
begins, "All words mean either things or relations of things" (IV,
125). To every thing-word belongs a "passion or prepossession or
enthusiasm which it has the power of suggesting or producing but not
always or in everyone" (IV, 125). Prepossession is the hold a word
has on the mind; "It is in fact the form" (IV, 125). Hopkins means
that the effect a thing has on the mind is part of the form, or being
of the thing. In its distinctiveness, form is comparable to a soul

or self. A word expresses both the definition of a thing and the thing's prepossession or special self.

Hopkins applied this distinction to aesthetic contemplation, preferring not to separate form ("prepossession") from content ("definition"):

The further in anything, as a work of art, the organisation is carried out, the deeper the form penetrates, the prepossession flushes the matter, the more effort will be required in apprehension, the more power of comparison, the more capacity for receiving that synthesis of (either successive or spatially distinct) impressions which gives us the unity with the prepossession conveyed by it.

The saner moreover is the act of contemplation as contemplating that which really is expressed in the object.

(IV, 126)

"Organisation," "form," and "prepossession" are the artistic elements within which the matter of objects of art are revealed.

"But some minds," says Hopkins, stating the alternative, "prefer that the prepossession they are to receive should be conveyed by the least organic, expressive, by the most suggestive, way. By this means the prepossession and the definition, uttering, are distinguished and unwound, which is the less sane attitude" (IV, 126). To see what really is, and then find the exact words - this is what ends in metaphor and pattern.

The second notebook entry is an incomplete, four page set of notes on the Greek text of Parmenides (IV, 127-30). They are more important as an outline of Hopkins's own thought than of that of Parmenides. ("The effect of studying masterpieces is to make me admire and do otherwise" I, 291). Hopkins announces that Parmenides' "great text, which he repeats with religious conviction, is that

Being is and Not-being is not - which perhaps one can say, a little over-defining his meaning, means that all things are upheld by instress and are meaningless without it" (IV, 127). Explaining more precisely, Hopkins adds: "ἐστὶ may roughly be expressed by things are or there is truth" (IV, 127). Things are, and all things are meaningless without instress. It is apparent, then, that instress is an activity of being which maintains, by stress or pressure, the balanced equilibrium of the assemblage of inscape. Instress orders being and makes it meaningful. This idea is used in The Wreck of the Deutschland as an image of spiritual well being:

I steady as a water in a well, to a poise, to a pane,
But roped with, always, all the way down from the tall
Fells or flanks of the voel, a vein
Of the gospel proffer, a pressure, a principle, Christ's gift.
(Poems, 28:4:5-8)

Man's affirmation of being, of the stress in things, is his response to the stress which his mind experiences, since "instress" means both the stress of existence in things and the stress of things in the mind. Hopkins underscores the affirmative nature of instress when he says that he has "often felt when [he has] been in this mood and felt the depth of an instress or how fast the inscape holds a thing that nothing is so pregnant and straightforward to the truth as simple yes and is" (IV, 127). This correspondence between being and our affirmation is strong enough to be a physical interchange. It is "[a] bridge, [a] stem of stress between us and things to bear us out and carry the mind over" (IV, 127, my italics). What results is, identity. "To be and to know or Being and thought are the same," says Hopkins. "The truth in thought is Being, stress, and each word is

one way of acknowledging Being and each sentence by its copula is (or its equivalent) the utterance and assertion of it" (IV, 129). Not-being is a meaningless crowd of things or just vacancy, lacking their own being's equilibrium of instress, affecting no instress on the perception of the beholder. "Not-being," according to Hopkins, "is . . . want of oneness, all that is unfordrawn, waste space which offers either nothing to the eye to foredraw or many things foredrawing away from one another" (IV, 129). Instress, whether in mind or balanced assemblage of beings, preserves the world from incoherence.

The relation between instress and inscape must be seen in the total spectrum of being. Inscapes, remember, is the external and internal pattern of assemblage, the "design," the "melody."³

For the phenomenal world (and the distinction between men or subjects and the things without them is unimportant in Parmenides⁴: the contrast is between the one and the many) is the brink, limbus, lapping, run-and-mingle / of two principles which meet in the scape of everything - probably Being, under its modification or siding of particular oneness or Being, and Not-being, under its siding of the Many. The two may be called two degrees of siding in the scale of Being. Fore-shortening and equivalency will explain all possible difference. The inscape will be the proportion of the mixture.

(IV, 130)

On one end of the "scale of being" is "particular oneness"; Being tuned to its greatest instress (i.e. Christ). On the other end is "the Many"; Not-being, slackness, with neither stress nor form. Between these extremes we find reality, the "Phenomenal world," and it will always be a mixture of Oneness and Many-ness, and tuned to a pitch, as it were, that is neither too low nor too high for the human ear. "Foreshortening," a term which describes an effect on the mind which is produced by certain techniques in painting, might possibly

be instress in thought. "Equivalency," like balance, might possibly be instress in beings. Inscape, being a unifying pattern in multiple experience, will be the proportion of their mixture. Hopkins is not surrounded by a "disordered field of things" (IV, 205). Instead, "all the world is full of inscape and chance left free to act falls into an order as well as purpose: looking out of my window I caught it in the random clods and broken heaps of snow made by the cast of a broom" (IV, 230).

The ideas set forth in Parmenides recur in Hopkins's journal's record of observed events. Being has the power to strike or stress itself upon the mind, "all things hitting the sense with double but direct instress" (IV, 199, my italics). At such times, the inscape is known so deeply that the thing's being 'looks back' and communicates itself. "What you look hard at," Hopkins observes, "seems to look hard at you, hence the true and false instress of nature Unless you refresh the mind from time to time you cannot always remember or believe how deep the inscape in things is" (IV, 204-205). Writing later, he observes: "In watching the sea one should be alive to the oneness which all its motion and tumult receives from its perpetual balance and falling this way and that to its level" (IV, 225).

In 1944, Austin Warren wrote: "Perhaps [Hopkins's] most brilliant prose celebrates the Self and its wonders."⁵ Writing on "The First Principle and Foundation," during a retreat in Liverpool, August 20, 1880, Hopkins said:

I find myself both as man and as myself something most determined and distinctive, at pitch, more distinctive and higher pitched than anything else I see I consider my selfbeing, my consciousness and feeling of myself, that taste of myself, of I and me above and in all things, which is more distinctive than the taste of ale or alum, more distinctive than the smell of walnutleaf or camphor Nothing else in nature comes near this unspeakable stress of pitch, distinctiveness, and selving, this selfbeing of my own.
(V, 122-23)

When Louis MacNeice reviewed Humphry House's edition of Hopkins's Notebooks and Papers (1937) in The Criterion, he remarked on what he called Hopkins's "voracity for objects, . . . the shapes of water, of clouds, of plants, of Gothic architecture." He also noted that the book contained "fourteen drawings which are similarly not self-expression but studies of objective intricacies."⁶ It is easy to understand MacNiece's point of view, but he has, I believe, misrepresented Hopkins in a rather crucial manner. Either "self-expression" or voracious objectivism - these do not adequately represent the alternatives. Granted that Hopkins was engrossed with "Self" and that he considered the world around him with painstaking care, he nevertheless did not view himself as subject and the world as object. It is true that he observed that when comparing "my self, my being-myself, with anything else whatever, all things alike, all in the same degree rebuff me with blank unlikeness; so that my knowledge of it [selfbeing], which is so intense, is from itself alone, they in no way help me to understand it" (V, 123). But, Hopkins was very careful to include in the notion of "Self" more than simply the personal body-and-mind of "me":

For, to speak generally, whatever can with truth be called a self . . . such as individuals and persons must be, it is not a mere centre or point of reference for consciousness or action attributed to it, everything else, all that it is conscious of or acts on being its object only and outside it. Part of this world of objects, this object-world, is also part of the very self in question If the centre of reference spoken of has concentric circles round it, one of these, the inmost, say, is its own, is of it, the rest are to it only. Within a certain bounding line all will be self, outside of it nothing A self then will consist of a centre and [Hopkins's italics] a surrounding area or circumference, of a point of reference and [Hopkins's italics] a belonging field.

(V, 127; my italics)

The poet's careful observations and recordings of natural phenomena, then, are care-full because, having instressed them, he regards these phenomena as part of his "belonging field," hence of his self. They are not just objects.

To see things simply as objects implies that the self has a type of independence from its belonging field. Instead, Hopkins recognized the profound dependence he had on all beings around him; outside of that "bounding" line, "nothing." Furthermore, every being has its own circle of self, so the phenomenal world consists of countless over-lapping circles, each dependent on many others, yet, insofar as selfhood is incommunicable (V, 123), private. Again, guardianship of these assemblages of the logos of physis must be stressed.

To think of one's own self and its to-the-self-alone-known distinctiveness, makes it evident that only the most obvious and coarse lineaments of self-taste are communicable to other selves. Still, something of themselves can be gleaned from others: "Self flashes off frame and face" (Poems, 62:11). Again and again in his poetry we see Hopkins striving to instress the walnutleaf and camphor

in other beings, to make their selves part of his self. Both journals and poems show that the poet was attempting to preserve his instresses, his selvings, in language. His combinations of sound and sense render selfhood brilliantly:

Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing.
(Poems, 33:3-5)

The heavenly blue of the thrush's eggs and the cleansing purity of the thrush's song are so much of the thrush's self they could in no way be mistaken for part of any other self. Only metaphor carries the freight of selfhood here, as it does in the first four and one half lines of the (now critically bedraggled) windhover sonnet:

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in
his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy!
(Poems, 36:1-5)

Or, consider the presentation of the physical self in the octave of "Harry Ploughman":

Hard as hurdle arms, with a broth of goldish flue
Breathed round; the rack of ribs; the scooped flank; lank
Rope-over thigh; knee-nave; and barrelled shank--
Head and foot, shoulder and shank--
By a grey eye's heed steered well, one crew, fall to;
Stand at stress. Each limb's barrowy brawn, his thew
That onewhere curded, onewhere sucked or sank--
Soared ór sánk--,
Though as a beechbole firm, finds his, as at a rollcall, rank
And features, in flesh, what deed he each must do--
His sinew-service where do.
(Poems, 71:1-11)

Each of these examples demonstrates the essential truth of these lines:

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
 As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
 Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's
 Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name;
 Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
 Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
 Selves--goes itself; myself it speaks and spells,
 Crying What I do is me: for that I came.
 (Poems, 57:1-8)

Everything a being is and does cries out its distinctive self. Even when a being does not intend to utter or show its self, selfhood can come in a rush upon the instressing observer. Hopkins has said as much about Henry Purcell. He praises Purcell for uttering "in notes the very make and species of man" (Poems, 45:Preamble). He bases the poem on an explicit analogy between Purcell's distinguishing characteristics and the markings of a great seabird. After four opening lines, in which the poet hopes that "Purcell is not damned for being a Protestant, because [Hopkins loves] his genius" (I, 170), the poem continues:

Not mood in him nor meaning, proud fire or sacred fear,
 Or love or pity or all that sweet notes not his might nursele:
It is the forged feature finds me; it is the rehearsal
Of own, of abrupt self there so thrusts on, so throngs the ear.

Let him oh! with his air of angels then lift me, lay me! only
I'll
Have an eye to the sakes of him, quaint moonmarks, to his
pelted plumage under
 Wings: so some great stormfowl, whenever he has walked his
 while

The thunder-purple seabeach plumèd purple-of-thunder,
 If a wuthering of his palmy snow-pinions scatter a colossal
 smile
 Off him, but meaning motion fans fresh our wits with wonder.
 (Poems, 45:5-14, my italics)

Writing to Bridges in 1879, Hopkins explained these lines:

The thought is that as the seabird opening his wings with a whiff of wind in your face means the whirr of the motion, but also unaware gives you a whiff of knowledge about his plumage, the marking of which stamps his species, that he does not mean, so Purcell, seemingly intent only on the thought or feeling he is to express or call out, incidentally lets you remark the individualising marks of his own genius.

(I, 83)

He is saying that the emotion, the reverence, and the content of Purcell's music could be expressed as well by any musician having Purcell's capability, but that the distinctive voice in which Purcell utters his "proud fire" and "sacred fear" most abruptly and authentically rehearses his peculiar self. Hopkins also glosses the word "sake":

It is the sake of 'for the sake of,' forsake, namesake, keepsake. I mean by it the being a thing has outside itself, as a voice by its echo, a face by its reflection, a body by its shadow, a man by his name, fame or memory, and also that in the thing by virtue of which especially it has this being abroad, and that is something distinctive, marked, specifically or individually speaking, as for a voice and echo clearness; for a reflected image light, brightness; for a shadow-casting body bulk; for a man genius, great achievements, amiability, and so on. In this case it is, as the sonnet says, distinctive quality in genius.

(I, 83)

What Hopkins says of Purcell in this sonnet (with the obvious exception of the references to Purcell's "heresy") might as readily be said of Hopkins himself. The forged intensity and the constant regard for the inscape of self, the power of rhythm, diction, and texture, and the painstaking guarding of the resources of language leave an impressed seal upon Hopkins's poetry. Hopkins's voice is so distinctive (clearly even more distinctive than that of Purcell) as to be mistaken for that of no other poet before him or since. In the words of Elisabeth Schneider:

Both form and language are . . . paradoxically on the one hand severe and on the other wayward, extravagant, sometimes outlandish. A single descriptive epithet may be both willfully odd and determinedly subjected to literal fact, his grammar and idiom eccentric and yet precisely explicable by rule or precedent, the thought of a poem eccentrically conceived but developed on a rigidly logical plan. In both its successes and its sometimes embarrassing failures, Hopkins's poetry owes much of its peculiarly explosive character to these oppositions inherent in the detail as well as the whole design of nearly every work.⁷

In 1873, Hopkins recorded the following incident:

I had a nightmare that night. I thought something or somebody leapt onto me and held me quite fast: this I think woke me, so that after this I shall have had the use of reason. This first start is, I think, a nervous collapse of the same sort as when one is very tired and holding oneself at stress not to sleep yet suddenly goes slack and seems to fall and wakes, only on a greater scale and with a loss of muscular control reaching more or less deep; this one to the chest and not further, so that I could speak, whispering at first, then louder - for the chest is the first and greatest centre of motion and action, the seat of *θύμος*. I had lost all muscular stress elsewhere but not sensitive, feeling where each limb lay and thinking that I could recover myself if I could move my finger, I said, and then the arm and so the whole body. The feeling is terrible; the body no longer swayed as a piece by the nervous and muscular instress seems to fall in and hang like a dead weight on the chest. I cried on the holy name and by degrees recovered myself as I thought to do. It made me think that this was how the souls in hell would be imprisoned in their bodies as in prisons and of what St. Theresa says of the 'little press in the wall' where she felt herself to be in her vision.

(IV, 238)

The image is one of intensifying agony. The ruinous force in the dream was a weight, not a knife,⁸ but the effect was the same: pressure, then collapse.⁹ Hopkins tried to maintain his own instress (a physical equilibrium, as he here describes it) but could not. His faith in the name of Jesus helped him to restore his being.

The journals and poems contain many images of unwinding, dividing, separating, undoing, but these expressions prove to be ambiguous. Sometimes they obviously refer to disaster and death,

but, more important, often they refer to the highest, or a heightened, awareness of reality. In the poems, where such images are used most profoundly, they can even mean both at once.

Hopkins often tried to look at clouds and waves by "unpacking," "morselling," "unravelling" them, by seeing in their mass a complex of patterned threads. A wave receding on the sand or a cloud unfurling in the wind revealed itself in the act of disintegration (IV, 223, 235, 240). At other times, the same figure simply meant disintegration, nature's threads of being all pulled apart: ". . . nature in all her parcels and faculties gaped and fell apart, fatiscebat, like a clod heaving and holding only by strings of root" (IV, 236). This sentence was written at the end of a day which began with this observation: "Before going I took a last look at the breakers, wanting to make out how the comb is morselled so fine into string and tassel" (IV, 235).

The sight of trees being cut down gave Hopkins deep pain. Inscape was irretrievably lost, and he felt the bite of the blade himself. "The ashtree growing in the corner of the garden was felled," he writes. "It was lopped first: I heard the sound and looking out and seeing it maimed there came at that moment a great pang and I wished to die and not to see the inscapes of the world destroyed any more" (IV, 230). This was unnatural destruction, irredeemable. Yet, as he looked at a tree lose its leaves in October, he saw reality revealed:

At the end of the month hard frosts. Wonderful downpour of leaf: when the morning sun began to melt the frost they fell at one touch and in a few minutes a whole tree was flung of them; they lay masking and papering the ground at the foot. Then the tree seems to be looking down on its cast self as blue sky on the snow after a long fall, its losing, its doing.

(IV, 239)

Nothing has really been lost. Only by falling can leaves offer the tree's self to the tree or snow mirror the sky. For the tree, to do is to be; to lose leaves is an act of self-revelation as well as an act of self-loss. Hopkins once wrote that Christ's self-emptying, as described by St. Paul in Philippians ii, 5-11, was the "very secret" of his life on earth. "He could not see but what he was, God, but he would see it as if he did not see it, and be it as if he were not" (I, 51). Hopkins refers to the tree's leaves being "flung" and to the tree's "cast self," both actions being part of the tree's self-disclosure. Heidegger speaks of existing "dynamically." That is, "we find ourselves not as objects but as a way of 'to be,' and this way of 'to be' is a way of withdrawing ourselves from our 'thrownness'."¹⁰ "Thrownness" (note the affinity with Hopkins's "flung" and "cast self"), in Heidegger's context, describes a state possessing possibilities and potential that are apparently random and unrealized. Man finds himself where he is as already there, not having started himself out to get "there," nor even aware of having been started. Once he realizes he is there, though, he knows his "thrownness." To fulfill his being he must continually catch up with his thrownness; his being must "project itself upon its thrown possibilities and thereby be an understanding being."¹¹ This

projection is an ongoing process. Being is never authenticated once and for all, but by perpetually discovering and verifying perpetual thrownness, selfhood is disclosed, then withdrawn, then disclosed, and so on.

The Wreck of the Deutschland develops the same theme, a theme set in a drama which occurs both at sea and within the poet's heart. Both ship's passenger and poet acknowledge God as ground and guide of nature. In disaster, however, nature destroys and God conceals himself. And yet, by this very fact, the catastrophe's victim is brought to confront God; she must with her whole being say "Yes" or "No." Nature in the instress of shock reveals its author. Man, unbound by the shock, reveals himself:

Thou mastering me
 God! giver of breath and bread;
 World's strand, sway of the sea;
 Lord of living and dead;
 Thou hast bound bones and veins in me, fastened me flesh,
 And after it almost unmade, what with dread,
 Thy doing: and dost thou touch me afresh?
 Over again I feel thy finger and find thee.
(Poems, 28:1:1-8)

God governs the world by instress. He unmakes man by the instress of shock, then there is a new being. How does man respond to this unmaking?

Since, tho' he is under the world's splendour and wonder,
 His mystery must be instressed, stressed;
 For I greet him the days I meet him, and bless when I understand.
(Poems, 28:5:6-8)

"Instressed" is parallel with "I greet him the days I meet," and "stressed" is parallel with "bless when I understand." First man confronts God's mystery, instresses it; then he responds to it. The

stress is man's "Yes," "to come out with something, to word or put a thought or thing" (IV, Parmenides, 129). He realizes his thrownness, disclosure takes place, and he moves into a new realm of being and a new thrownness.

Furthermore, as the Parmenides extract suggests, "wording" something is a proper mode of response. Heidegger also suggests that "all projection and consequently all 'creative' activities of man are also thrown."¹² "Thrown" implies outwardness. To think is to live in the past. To create, to "word" is to open oneself to the profound emptiness of the thrown present and thus shape one's future. When form is placed upon emptiness, the result is thought; when emptiness or thrownness dictates the form through a human channel, the result is creation. At the Academy in 1874, Hopkins noted a painting by Briton Rivière and described it as being "like a roughened boldened Leighton, very fine. Leopards shewing the flow and slow spraying of the streams of spots down from the backbone and making this flow word-in and inscape the whole animal and even the group of them" (IV, 244, my italics).¹³ The ever-moving (unfolding) present gives content to static art forms:

Words, after speech, reach
Into the silence. Only by the form, the pattern,
Can words or music reach
The stillness, as A Chinese jar still
Moves perpetually in its stillness.¹⁴

The thrownness dictates the form, and the form dictates the language of the poet. Hopkins, at the age of nineteen, was seeking patterns in motion: "Note on water coming through a lock The water strikes through [the gates] with great force and extends

itself into three fans. The direction of the water is a little oblique from the horizontal, but the great force with which it runs keeps it almost uncurved except at the edges" (IV, 8). The terminology is geometrical, static. However, pattern tends to dissolve as motion is increased:

The end of these fans is not seen for they strike them under a mass of yellowish boiling foam which runs down between the fans, and meeting covers the whole space of the lock-entrance. Being heaped up in globes and bosses and round masses the fans disappear under it. This turbid mass smooths itself as the distance increases from the lock. But the current is strong and if the basin into which it runs has curving banks it strikes them and the confusion of the already folded and doubled lines of foam is worse confounded.

(IV, 8)

Pattern and form are one and the same: "Oaks: the organisation of this tree is difficult. Speaking generally no doubt the determining planes are concentric, a system of brief contiguous and continuous tangents" (IV, 144). To describe forms more particularly, the language of geometry gives way to metaphor: "Oaks differ much, and much turns on the broadness of the leaf, the narrower giving the crisped and starry and Catherine-wheel forms, the broader the flat-pieced mailed or shard-covered ones" (IV, 145). Eight days later, the poet declared, "I have now found the law of oak-leaves. It is of platter-shaped stars altogether" (IV, 146). The shape is so special, only metaphor will express it. "Wych-elms of thin growth the leaves of which enclosed the light in successive eyebrows" (IV, 151). The particular pattern of hazel leaves is that of "broad paddles tightly necked and drawn up onto their stem" (IV, 153).

These images are not merely fanciful. Hopkins was trying to say exactly what he had seen. Often he could not. "What I most

noticed was the great richness of the membering of the green in the elms, never however to be expressed but by drawing after study" (IV, 153). This was a discipline in which form ordered language and sometimes overwhelmed language to become its own utterance: "A bud-ded lime against the field wall: turn, pose, and counterpoint in the twigs and buds - the form speaking" (IV, 163).

The form, the pattern, the assemblage, the logos speaks. Hopkins listened carefully and responded with words, most particularly with the words of poetry. Heidegger equates this response with the guardianship of Being: "Saying . . . gathers all things up into the nearness of face-to-face encounter, and does so soundlessly, as quietly as time times, space spaces, as quietly as the play of time-space is enacted."¹⁵ Vycinas says that this guarding of Being "is a response to Being which calls us into our essence. By our response we render ourselves possible; we, in a way, create ourselves Logos, the assemblage, assembles the sojourning beings in the openness of Being. By responding to this assemblage in our thinking, we call these sojourning beings into our words; we name them."¹⁶ In the guarding or caretaking act of poetry, beings reveal themselves, the poet learns his essence, and Being shines through beings. The thrown world in all its multitudinous possibility is brought to a stand, made to appear.

The Wreck of the Deutschland is full of images of tautness and equilibrium, and of slackness and disintegration. They occur at critical moments in the poem, accompanying moments of heightened awareness of reality - instressing. A tucked string tells its name

(Poems, 57:2-3), sings out its identifying note. A slack or unwound string makes no sound; a cracked or untempered bell utters false notes. Instress is the ringing matrix of the formal assemblage (inscape) of a being. In Stanza 2 of The Wreck of the Deutschland, the poet describes his affirming acceptance of Christ's terror. Every element in his being's structure - even the walls and hours of his surroundings - finds its focal point in his stomach, the centre of his person:

Thou knowest the walls, altar and hour and night:
The swoon of a heart that the sweep and the hurl of thee
trod
Hard down with a horror of height:
And the midriff astrain with leaning of, laced with fire of
stress.

(Poems, 28:2:5-8)

This lacing strain is simultaneously the instress of his being at that moment and his instress of thought and insight. Reality is disclosed; the stress of "to know" is buoyed up on the balancing surface tension of time:" . . . it rides time like riding a river" (Poems, 28:6:7).

But, as has been noted above, the highest discernment of logos can happen when the equilibrium of instress unwinds toward disintegration:

How a lush-kept plush-capped sloe
Will, mouthed to flesh-burst,
Gush!--flush the man, the being with it, sour or sweet,
Brim, in a flash, full!

(Poems, 28:8:3-6)

In fact, it is in the wreck that Christ is ultimately "uttered out-right" (Poems, 28:30:8).

The poem contains shipwreck passages of extraordinary power. In the present context, however, it is important to underscore the imagery of slackness and crumbling associated with the ship's movement toward Parmenides' "the Many," non-being. The ship strikes an almost insubstantial "smother of sand," her sails and helm are flapping, listless, "idle for ever" (Poems, 28:14:3 & 8). The breakup of the ship continues as night "folds" over her, and her passengers and crew begin "washing away" (Poems, 28:15:5 & 7). Others among them fall, are "crushed," "drowned," and "rolled/With the sea-romp over the wreck." Disintegration, the return to non-being, is virtually complete as the ship breaks up and the passengers become a confused, babbling "rabble" (Poems, 28:17:1-7).

In such extremity, there are two possibilities: utter annihilation of the significance of being or a deepened instressing of Being. At this critical moment, the tall nun, "to the blast/Tarpeian-fast, but a blown beacon of light" (28:29:7-8), towered in the tumult and called, "O Christ, Christ, come quickly" (28:24:7). The poet devotes six of thirty-five stanzas to coming to terms with this utterance. The disintegration is Christ's doing and only he can "cure" it. He does not cure it by stilling the storm and raising the dead. In the nun's cry, Christ is conceived and "uttered outright" (28:30), a second virgin birth. His flock is scattered, has lost its instress. The nun is a divinely rung bell to "startle the poor sheep back." The supreme paradox is this: disintegration is a gathering-in.¹⁷ In concealment lies revelation. The "shipwrack" is a harvest (28:31:8).¹⁸

A similar pattern echoes again and again in Hopkins's poetry. The lark in "The Sea and the Skylark" reveals his inscape by completely exhausting the potential of his song:

His rash-fresh re-winded new-skeined score
In crisps of curl off wild winch whirl, and pour
And pelt music, till none's to spill nor spend.
(Poems, 35:6-8)

In contrast, though, man's characteristic is one of disintegration toward non-being:

We, life's pride and cared-for crown,
Have lost that cheer and charm of earth's past prime:
Our make and making break, are breaking, down
To man's last dust, drain fast towards man's first slime.
(Poems, 35:11-14)

No longer innocent, rebellious man's inscape unravels totally without Christ.

The central word in "The Windhover" is "buckle." If that word is read to mean "collapse," we have the pattern again. When all the characteristics of the bird are instressed, let lie in their assemblage, they both join themselves to the observer and collapse to disclose a greater "spiritual" reality ("fire").¹⁹

To approach reality at such a level of stress involves considerable risk, though. Heidegger encourages a "highly respectful attitude toward things - by sparing them in their assembling essences and thus letting them assemble the order of the higher realities." But,

. . . to be a true poet in modern times demands an enormous strength - strength to see the things and to say the words but not succumbing to the modern logical, scientific way of seeing them and saying them. To talk poetically (in the sense of *Dichtung*) and to dwell naturally (in the sense of sparing things) in the highly prosaic and artificial world of modern times requires enormous strength and solitude. A man who tried it - Hölderlin - collapsed into insanity.²⁰

Hopkins's sonnets of terror²¹ reveal a sensibility also poised on the brink of madness. Again, one can point to the emphasis on inscape-instress and imagery of tautness and slackness. The first three lines of "Spelt from Sybil's Leaves," for example, are characterized by words like "equal," "attuneable," "strains," "wound," and "hung." The effect is to describe a universe wrought to a precipitous pitch, tautness to the point of fatigue. Then, with a master-stroke, a single word, the whole falls slack around the first word in the fourth line - the verb "waste." Evening and evening's successor in the poem, eternal night, effectively eliminate all strains of stress, instress, inscape, and being itself:

For earth her being has unbound; her
dappled is at an end, as-
tray or aswarm, all throughther, in throngs; self ín self
steepèd and páshed--quite
Disremembering, dísmémbering áll now. Heart, you round
me right
With: Óur évening is over us; Óur night whélms, whélms,
ánd will end us.

(Poems, 61:5-8, my italics)

The variety of a world of individual beings, including the poet's own being, is subsumed under the tyranny of a strictly moral universe of right versus wrong. A new kind of stress takes over, one in which tightness is intensified to the breaking point:

Lét life, wáned,

ah lét life wind
 Off hér once skéined stained véined variety upon, áll on twó
spools; párt, pen, páck
 Now her áll in twó flocks, twó folds--black, white; right,
 wrong; reckon but, reck but, mind
 But thése twó; wáre of a wórlđ where búť these twó tell, each
 off the óther; of a rack
 Where, selfwring, selfstrung, sheathe-and shelterless, thóughts
 against thoughts in groans grínd.
 (Poems, 61:10-14, my italics)

In the score or more of meanings it ascribes to "stress," the O.E.D. leaves no room to doubt that word's predominantly ominous connotations. Except for objective definitions of the technical uses of "stress" in Physics, law, and prosody, every definition includes words like "hardship," "affliction," "ravages," "injury," "oppression," "violence," and "fatigue." This kind of balance is infinitely precarious: "No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief, More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring" (Poems, 65:1-2, my italics). The strands of man in him are tuned to pitches higher than even the cries of grief. Here the mind clings to the blank rock-face of existence, finding rest only in the temporary relaxation brought on by sleep. The result is despair, no comfort, a "carrion comfort," and Hopkins wearily resists untwisting "these last strands of man" (Poems, 64:2) in him, however slack they may be, and just barely does "not choose not to be" (Poems, 64:4). Nine years after the wreck of "The Deutschland," he knows first hand the tribulation of the tall nun. The terrible sonnets tremble with a kind of ontological authenticity.

But is it true for Hopkins, as it was for the nun, that the highest instressing of logos takes place at the crisis of

disintegration? Do not the sonnets of desolation make such statements as the following sound merely facile? "All things therefore are charged with love, are charged with God and if we know how to touch them give off sparks and take fire, yield drops and flow, ring and tell of him" (V, 195). In "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the comfort of the Resurrection" (Poems, 72) Hopkins most effectively comes to terms with his anguish.

The poem is a major masterpiece, incorporating a varied wealth of material into a tightly structured unity of sound and sense. The poet's attention has moved from the more contemplative, introspective sonnets of terror to subject matter that is utterly physical. Beginning with his eyes on the heavens and moving his gaze downward to trees, earth, then man (a not uncommon process in his poetry),²² Hopkins crams the first nine lines of the poem with a wealth of variegated metaphor. In each case the metaphor is an apt rendering of form into language, inscape into word. The variety of cloud shapes and the play of light, wind, and earth provokes a response by the poet which, by its rapidly shifting metaphorical foci, echoes the constant flux of the Heraclitean fire of nature. Clouds are puffballs, tufts, pillows, roysterers, gangs, and marchers. Shafts of light through elm leaves are lashes, laces, and lances. The wind wrestles, beats, parches, stanches, and starches the pooling, oozing, doughy, crusty earth. This projection of being upon nature's random thrownness (or disintegration) is a means of authenticating, allowing to disclose, what was becoming enclosed. The "million-fuelèd" bonfire of nature burns on and on in the

dynamism of continuing change. Each being in its becoming-change reveals itself, and wording that change, as Hopkins here does, is a caretaking activity which brings the world to a stand that reveals logos in the poetic legein.

But this really tells us nothing new. Hopkins sees the "burning" of nature as a distinctly exuberant process in many of his poems. In the next six and one half lines of "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire" he laments, in equally diversified metaphors, the tragedy of nature's most exquisite creature, man. Man, too, is subject to the waxing and waning flux of Heraclitus' fire, but with a difference. Man gains no comfort from knowing that the "bonfire burns on," because his part, however bonny and clearly selved, will end in total personal extinction:

But quench her bonniest, dearest to her, her clearest-selved
spark
Man, how fast his firedint, his mark on mind, is gone!
Both are in an unfathomable, all is in an enormous dark
Drowned. O pity and indignation! Manshape, that shone
Sheer off, disseveral, a star, death blots black out; nor mark
Is any of him at all so stark
But vastness blurs and time beats level.
(Poems, 72:9-16)

His mood has shifted from gaiety to depression; Hopkins has arrived at a modern vision of man's absolute insignificance and physical impermanence. There are no exceptions and no special claims to distinction. Death blots all black out; time beats all level.

Hopkins would not wholly accept Heidegger's notion that "only someone whose mode of being is the being to death can really experience what life is."

Only a being who is exposed to the possibility of not-to-be-in-the-world-anymore experiences death - is mortal. Such a being is the being whose essence is mortality. To be open to death means to live and to feel, to express oneself in a song. Without gods who carry the light of holiness to men, man would expire like an animal without ever experiencing life and death; no song would sound then, and dwelling would not be poetical, nor could it be prosaic. Since gods are deathless, they lack a feeling for life. They depend on 'another,' namely, on a poet, to express the feel of eternity.²³

Hopkins has known despair, and for him there is but one answer to this problem of personal annihilation. He recognizes his essential mortality and has sounded his song, but the potential despair is still frighteningly real. In "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire," Hopkins eventually finds himself in a predicament substantially similar to that of the nun of "The Deutschland": he even speaks of his own "foundering deck." The beacon of hope for his sinking ship is the Resurrection of the body.

I said earlier that this poem was utterly physical. Hopkins bases his hope on the historical fact of Christ's being physical, on the Incarnation: "I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am." The power of the Incarnation will take the assembled inscape of man's ultimately insignificant body (described as "joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood"), the logos of his being, and transform it into a (still-physical) body which eternally participates in the ultimate reality of the divine Logos: "Immortal diamond."

V

CREATURE AND CREATOR

For everything that lives is holy. (Blake)¹

God's utterance of himself in himself is God the Word, outside himself is this world. This world then is word, expression, news of God. Therefore its end, its purpose, its purport, its meaning, is God and its life or work to name and praise him.

(V, 129)

God . . . must govern, must direct and master the world, or it would fly to pieces.

(V, 55)

Hopkins's poetry and journals repeatedly emphasize the physical. To read the words of his poetry aloud is a physical experience. These words have been carefully chosen and arranged to assemble (inscape) the poet's own physical encounters. I stress "physical" because of its immediate associations with physis. In the context of my recent discussion of untwisting, unwinding, and disintegration, the reader should notice what Vycinas says about Heideggerian physis:

Physis in general means the rising or breaking through, unravelling [my italics], opening, and developing. Thus physis appears and comes forward and sojourns in this appearance; it is this appearance.

It is wrong to think of physis as a certain substance which besides being has the property of breaking through and coming forward into appearance. The breaking through and coming forward is Being, is physis. It is never a property of a being, but is Being itself.

. . . . In this breaking-forward, physis erupts as that which holds to itself and thereby remains concealed. . . . In its concealed revelation physis creates an openness in which everything

can arrive and depart, i.e. be born and die Heraclitus' phenomenon of fire obviously includes this idea

According to Heidegger, fragment 30 [In Kathleen Freeman's (ed.) Ancilla to Pre-Socratic Philosophers. Oxford, Blackwell, 1952] indicates that Heraclitus' fire is the constant coming forward in which everything whatsoever can become present, can sojourn or be.²

Physis is Being; it is the erupting and subsiding arena wherein the assembling of beings takes place. Heidegger's theory of truth is based on the Greek aletheia, which means truth or revelation. Revelation is the disclosure or coming-forward from concealment, and that is physis. Physis is truth, aletheia. Truth is the assembling process; logos is the assemblage. Logos is the assemblage held in meaningful unity. Physis discloses and the logos of physis appears. According to Vycinas, "physis as the breaking-forward from concealment and withdrawing into concealment has the dark aspect dominant; while logos as the assembling of everything in the light has the light aspect dominant."³ Logos is primarily the logos of physis, and Heidegger explicitly makes Zeus, the god of light, stand for logos as the all-disclosing reality. Zeus, as Moiragetes, "has been shown as the carrier of the light of Moira, which by the early Greek philosophers (Parmenides) has been thought of as that which by granting destinies primarily brings itself forward - as physis."⁴ Man's logos presupposes the divine logos, and in his legein man guards logos by "human language and thoughts, man's works in history, and his dwelling by sparing things. When thus responded to by man, logos is logos. There is no logos in itself. To logos necessarily belongs language, dwelling, and the history of man."⁵ The principal guardian of being in this regard is the poet, who responds to the

logos of earth, sky, and gods. "A poet frames-in a world by naming a god. To name a god is eo ipso to name earth, sky, and mortals . . . Such naming, of course, is not simply pronouncing the name of a god, but is the bringing of god to utterance whereby earth and sky and the destiny of man is brought to light. Such bringing does not force the god to utterance or to appearance, but merely helps him to come forward by responding to his approach - it is the being-exposed to the approach of higher realities."⁶ The poet guards the logos of the world, and his language is essentially not a "means of communication" but a dialogue with the divine, a response to the logos of physis.

Obviously there are certain aspects of Heidegger, or Heidegger at least as he is expounded by Vycinas, that a poet like Hopkins would seriously dispute. His poetry does not name "gods," but God. Logos is not Zeus, but Christ. However, many of Heidegger's views, once again, can aid in one's understanding of Hopkins. We have described physis as the dynamic assembling-revealing process of being and logos as the meaningful unity or assemblage thereby brought to light. We have discussed instress as being an equilibrium of stress within things and between thing and observer. Inscap is the form, design, or pattern of things. Seen in this way, physis can be a synonym for instress, and logos, for inscap. Physis-instress is the pitch of being, the tuned vibration of created things, that advances and retreats in the realm of Being. Logos-inscap is the highly selved pattern or arrangement of Being - visible even in motion - "stalled" and therefore known within the flux of physis-

instress. Two passages from the Journals illustrate exactly what I mean:

March 12 - A fine sunset: the higher sky dead clear blue bridged by a broad slant causeway rising from right to left of wisped or grass cloud, the wisps lying across; the sundown yellow, moist with light but ending at the top in a foam of delicate white pearling and spotted with big tufts of cloud in colour russet between brown and purple but edged with brassy light. But what I note it all for is this: before I had always taken the sunset and the sun as quite out of gauge with each other, as indeed physically they are, for the eye after looking at the sun is blunted to everything else and if you look at the rest of the sunset you must cover the sun, but today I inscaped them together and made the sun the true eye and ace of the whole, as it is. It was all active and tossing out light and started as strongly forward from the field as a long stone or a boss in the knop of the chalice-stem: it is indeed by stalling it so that it falls into scape with the sky.

(IV, 196)

He recorded this natural description because, for the first time, he had seen the true logos-inscape of sun and sunset ("Son"? Earlier in the journal - IV, 194 - Hopkins had been speaking of punning), with the sun being the "true eye" of the whole. A year later, Hopkins noted, on June 13, "a beautiful instance of inscape sided on the slide, that is successive sidings of one inscape, is seen in the behaviour of the flag flower from the shut bud to the full blowing: each term you can distinguish is beautiful in itself and of course if the whole 'behaviour' were gathered up and so stalled it would have a beauty of all the higher degree" (IV, 211).

As Hopkins views and presents nature in his poetry, it soon becomes obvious that he is not describing the world solely for the sake of its aesthetic beauty. Somehow the glory of God, the person of Christ, and the comfort of the Holy Spirit flow out of his images. It is important to understand Hopkins's approach to nature, to the

finite, in order to understand how the potent impact of the grandeur of God and the Infinite flashes from trees, stars, and hearts.

Hopkins is not a mystical poet. The mystic, as has been often observed, is not particularly interested in "things," but rather believes that the finite, actual world can be used in the name of beauty or God. Trying to achieve a tenuous, spiritual contact with the Infinite, the mystic poet touches the finite just sufficiently to produce his mystical vision. He does not lay hold of reality too solidly, since it might impair his other-worldly vision by its shocking, perhaps sordid, actuality. William F. Lynch, for example, argues that the mystic "takes the finite as a bag of tricks, or as a set of notes to be played lightly and delicately, in order to send the soul shooting up, one knows not how, into some kind of infinite or absolute; that accomplished, the devil take the finite."⁷

In contrast to the mystical view of nature, Hopkins neither reaches up nor down to the natural order from which his symbols spring. His emphasis is continually upon the simultaneity of matter and spirit, the coexistence of the natural and the divine. For Hopkins, the world is charged with the grandeur of God, not because of a mystical experience, nor because his mind can suggest hypothetical analogies which point towards the workings of God; but rather because the glory of God is immanent even in fallen nature. God's grace is sacramentally available through symbols which participate in the reality they represent. Physis discloses itself, and in that lighted moment assembled logos (both temporal and divine) stands in its glory.

The term "glory" (doxa), which is worth examining at this point, in classical Greek means either "opinion," or else "reputation," and in particular a good reputation, and so also "honour," "distinction." It is still somewhat obscure how the word acquired a new meaning which made it capable of translating the Hebrew kabor. C.H. Dodd says that "kabor means the manifestation of God's being, nature and presence, in a manner accessible to human experience; and the manifestation was conceived in the form of radiance, splendour, or dazzling light."⁸ The dazzling light might have been originally the lightning flash accompanying the thunder which for the naive religious mind is the voice of God. In Judaism of the Christian era, the shekinah ("dwelling" or presence of God) was also conceived as light. Both kabor and shekinah are translated into English as "glory." It is therefore not surprising that "glory" and "light" are found in parallelism when Biblical writers refer to the manifestation of the power of God for the salvation of His people. Thus in Isaiah lx:1-3:

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to they light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

And again, in verse 19, Isaiah writes, "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."

In the Bible, the ordinary, classical Greek use of "glory" is common; but in places which speak of "seeing" the glory of God or of Christ (John i:14, xii:41, Acts vii:2), we must recognize the

spiritual meaning of the term. In John xii:41, for example, there is a reference to the vision of Isaiah described in Chapter vi of his book. Isaiah says bluntly, "I saw the Lord." John, in accordance with the general tendency of contemporary Judaism, says, "He saw the glory of the Lord." Clearly, therefore, "glory" here means the visible manifestation of God's presence (i.e. kabor).

All of the above is plainly relevant to Gerard Manley Hopkins. The "secular" poet's faculties are quite capable of apprehending "glories" in nature, and even "glories" of God, but only in the classical sense of great honour or distinction, worthy of profound admiration. However, it is only the eye of faith, such as Hopkins possesses, that can "see" the genuine, spiritual kabor- and shekinah-glory of God in its universe. The parallel between the natural man and the man of faith is set down by Milton in Samson Agonistes:

So fond are mortal men
 Fall'n into wrath divine,
 As thir own ruin on themselves invite,
 Insensate left, or to the sense reprobate
 And with blindness internal struck
 But he though blind of sight,
 Despis'd and thought extinguish't quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fierie vertue rouz'd
 From under ashes into sudden flame.⁹

God's glory is not natural, but can be perceived in and through natural things. Hopkins says:

I kiss my hand
 To the stars, lovely-asunder
 Starlight, wafting him out of it; and
 Glow, glory in thunder;

(Poems, 28:5:1-4)

and "Glory be to God for dappled things - . . . all things . . .

Praise him" (Poems, 37:1, 7, 11). It is through "all that glory in the heavens" (Poems, 38:6) that the poet gleans the love, power, and salvation of Christ. Notice, too, how the glory of which he speaks is organically bound up with the phenomena of light and stars. This glory plainly must be the dazzling presence of God, "whose glory bare would blind" (Poems, 60:108), and the sight of whom caused the skin of Moses' face to shine like the sun (Exodus xxxiv:29-35). "And as for myself," Hopkins said in a sermon on Luke ii:33, "I make no secret I look forward with eager desire to seeing the matchless beauty of Christ's body in the heavenly light" (V, 36).

The dazzling glory of God's presence and power, the glory of the salvation of Christ, and the glory of the Holy Spirit's bright-winged comfort are constantly flashing, shining, and glowing out of the creation and the hearts of men that Hopkins viewed.

Hopkins, then, does not speak of nature in vague generalities. All his writings stand as evidence of his meticulous and painstaking observation of detailed particularity, as he tried to capture the inscape or formal cause of each thing in his belonging-field.

Hopkins does not negate reality, nor does he seek to ignore or annihilate it. Instead he gives it a new meaning; the finite and the Infinite are not only Now, they are One. By an arduous and often terrifying struggle, Hopkins passes through real contours of being and thereby arrives at knowledge of God. Lynch uses Christ as an example of this path of the imagination, which he calls "the Generative Finite," and "whether we believe in Him or not, He

represents an ideal point at which the imagination can relax the strain of its double aspirations; if He is there, then at that point at least we can keep penetrating more and more deeply into the detail of Him, who is penetrating the detail of life as a way of life, and let the other side of the picture - the dream, the divine, the unlimited, the beauty - take care of itself."¹⁰ W.H. Gardner also argues that "Aquinas and Scotus maintained, as Hopkins does . . . , that the supernatural order is not the antithesis of the natural order; rather it is the τέλος, the fulfillment of that order."¹¹ Hopkins's poetic imagination responds by reaching toward being - the being of man, of things, of SELF, and through these to infinite Being. "Neither do I deny that God is so deeply present to everything . . . that it would be impossible for him but for his infinity not to be identified with them or, from the other side, impossible but for his infinity so to be present to them" (VI, 316). Essentially, this seems to be the view of St. Paul as well: "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead" (Romans i:20).

In Hopkins's poetry this perception is common. The Real is not simply a Platonic mirror in which man may observe reflections of non-material, ideal realities. In Hopkins's verse, eternal reality is instead seen and experienced in time and space. The immanence of God is not best seen in moments of ethereal nothingness divorced from the stresses of reality. Hopkins's heart rejoices rather in the perception of the Infinite which one "gleans" from the

"dearest freshness deep down things" (Poems, 31:10):

I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,
Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour;
(Poems, 38:5-6)

This gleaned harvest of God in the depths of things, in the inscapes of creation, is exactly the "instress" of which he speaks so often; it is the revelation, the disclosure of the aletheia of physis. Hopkins strenuously insists on laying hold of earthly beauty in order to "have, get . . . Christ, Lord" (See Poems, 33). Nowhere does he state the fact of this perception more simply or more forthrightly than in an entry in his journal for May 18, 1870: "I do not think I have ever seen anything more beautiful than the bluebell I have been looking at. I know the beauty of our Lord by it" (IV, 199).

Hopkins also delights in observing the play and sparkle of light from natural objects - particularly treetops and birds' wings. "Glory be to God for dappled things," he cries again and again, "Praise him" (Poems, 37:1 & 11).

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!
The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!
Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!
(Poems, 32:1-7)

Throughout the poems, light sparkles and flashes continually through and out of observed nature:

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in
his riding
(Poems, 36:1-2)

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
 (Poems, 57:1)

elm arches,
 Shivelights and shadowtackle in long lashes lace, lance, and
 pair.

(Poems, 72:3-4)

The play of light in wings, leaves, and sky engenders more than merely pantheistic rapture. For Hopkins, the imagery glorifies God; that is, God's radiance shines through it. "The sun and the stars shining glorify God. They stand where he placed them, they move where he bid them. 'The heavens declare the glory of God'" (V, 239). "This is the purpose of the world, the end of our being: when we have once said from our hearts /Glory be to God/" (V, 28). With the exception of a few examples, whenever Hopkins speaks of natural light phenomena (like lightning, stars, sun, and daylight) they become direct metaphors of some person of the Trinity, or of God's action in the lives and hearts of men.

The science of physics would have us understand that objects in the physical world are made visible by reflected light. But, as the Danish physicist Niels Bohr argued, visible light that is not reflected emanates from some thing whose molecular structure is being excited by an outside source of energy like heat, electricity, or fission. These excited molecules give off "photons," units of radiant energy, some of which are visible to the naked eye as light.¹²

Speaking in the physicist's terms, the mystic's concern with the Source of Light allows him to see the physical world only as a reflector. These things are merely important to him in so far as

they are a second-hand means of approaching the metaphysical Ultimate. Hopkins's light imagery, though, is seldom reflected light. His poetry does not contain light that bathes objects, but light that shines through and out of things. He makes the things themselves vitally significant since they become the "excited molecules" emitting photons. These physical beings are logos; they are themselves the source of light. The activating energy, in Hopkins's world, is always God; therefore their light is, in fact, both God's light and their own. Hopkins's poetry provides many examples of light "deep down things":

Stars, . . . Starlight, wafting him out of it.
(Poems, 28:5:2-3)

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil.
(Poems, 31:1-2)

Look at the stars! . . . the fire-folk . . . the elves'-eyes!
. . . quickgold . . . airy abeles set on a flare!
These are indeed the barn; withindoors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home.
(Poems, 32:1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 13-14)

Nature's beings are repeatedly shown to be burning in the Heraclitean fire of the logos of physis, and always a revelation, a disclosure of aletheia, of physis, of God takes place there. In "As kingfishers catch fire" (Poems, 57) the idea of the flame and spark of self comes from "indoors each one," and Christ plays "to the Father through the features of men's faces." The Virgin Mary also functions in a similar manner:

Through her we may see him
 Made sweeter, not made dim,
 And her hand leaves his light
 Sifted to suit our sight.

(Poems, 60:110-113)

It is worth remarking that each of Hopkins's most frequently recurring light images (fire, stars, lightning, glory, glowing, sun, and electricity) is just such an unreflected source of light in itself.

In Hopkins's poetry, the eternal logos is seen and experienced in the time and space of the logos of physis. William Blake calls this perception "Divine Analogy." The similarity, at this point, between Hopkins and Blake is worth noting. Blake says:

Sweet babe, in thy face
 Holy image I can trace.
 Sweet babe, once like thee,
 Thy maker lay and wept for me.
 . . . Infant smiles are his own smiles;
 Heaven & Earth to peace beguiles.¹³

Now Hopkins says:

The just man justices;
 Keeps gráce: thát keeps all his goings graces;
 Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is--
 Christ. For Christ plays in ten thousand places,
 Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
 To the Father through the features of men's faces.

(Poems, 57:9-14)

The smiles of the child "are his own smiles." They "are" (not "are like") at the same time the child's temporal smiles and the maker's eternal smiles. The just man is Christ, and the eternal is realized through that man's earthly lineaments.

But the apparent innocence of this vision reveals only part of Hopkins's view. All is not fire, light, and rejoicing. The earthly lineaments of the world as often reveal chaos as divine

order. In his spiritual exercises, Hopkins writes that we are to "hate disorder because it is the soil of sin, being by itself a negative thing without natural ugliness. You must consider its known consequences. It is like sleep in a pointsman, steersman, or sentinel. And the world is a frame of things consistent with and in part founded on sin" (V, 135, my italics). The consequence of sin is, for man, death. Hopkins has compared man's death with the fall of the rebel angels from heaven:

This throwing back or confinement of their energy is a dreadful constraint or imprisonment and, as intellectual action is spoken of under the figure of sight, it will in this case be an imprisonment in darkness, a being in the dark; for darkness is the phenomenon of foiled action in the sense of sight. But this constraint and this blindness or darkness will be most painful when it is the main stress or energy of the whole being that is thus balked. This is its strain or tendency towards being, towards good, towards God - being, that is/their own more or continued being, good / their own good, their natural felicity, and God / the God at least of nature, not to speak of grace. This strain must go on after their fall, because it is the strain of creating action as received in the creature and cannot cease without the creature's ceasing to be. On the other hand the strain or tendency towards God through Christ and the great sacrifice had by their own act been broken, refracted, and turned aside, and it was only through Christ and the great sacrifice that God had meant any being to come to him at all.

(V, 137-38)

Man in his lost condition suffers most intensely because his "straining" toward God and goodness is deflected back on his now sordid self:

The one stress or strain then encountered and clashed with the other; for instance the will addressed, 'at forepitch', towards beatitude, happiness, in God, with its own act of aversion, with the scape or species, indurated in it, of the act by which it turned aside; the understanding open wide like an eye, towards truth in God, towards light, is confronted by that scape, that act of its own, which blotted out God and so put blackness in the place of light; does not see God but sees that . . . to this effect: 'I know not how it is, but in spite of the darkness the eye sees there all that

to see is most afflicting'. Against these acts of its own the lost spirit dashes itself like a caged bear and is in prison, violently instresses them and burns, stares into them and is the deeper darkened

The keener the consciousness the greater the pain.

The greater the stress of being the greater the pain

(V, 138)

From the sparkle of rain-rinsed clouds, God's glory in the lightning, and the endless fires of nature, Hopkins's eye eventually descends, then, to the "manmarks" of the world.

Man's treatment of creation is not an inspiring theme:

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;

And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;

And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil

Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

(Poems, 31:5-8)

His "aspens dear, whose airy cages . . . quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun," are:

All felled, felled, are all felled; . . .

Not spared, not one

That dandled a sandalled

Shadow.

(Poems, 43:3, 4, 5-7)

Delight in the dappled leaves is brought down like the trees with the despairing repetition of "felled," of "not spared, not one." So soon after it had risen in inspired joy, the voice must drop and slow dejectedly:

O if we but knew what we do

When we delve or hew--

Hack and rack the growing green!

(Poems, 43:9-11)

There is a clear echo here of Christ's words on the cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" (Luke xxiii:34). This implication deftly points both nature's sacramental character and

man's blindly stupid destruction of the divine gift of nature. The last line balances the harsh crack of "hack and rack" against the euphonious flow of "growing green" - an effective alignment of sound with sense. Destruction of the natural order not only destroys the "ten thousand places" from whence Christ's light plays, it obliterates the sense of sight itself:

Since country is so tender
To touch, her being so slender,
That, like this sleek and seeing ball
But a prick will make no eye at all,
Where we, even where we mean
 To mend her we end her,
 When we hew or delve:
After-comers cannot guess the beauty been.
Ten or twelve, only ten or twelve
 Strokes of havoc unselfe
 The sweet especial scene,
Rural scene, a rural scene,
Sweet especial rural scene.

(Poems, 43:12-24)

The plaintive repetition echoes Hopkins's lonely sense of loss. But the loss is more than personal; in felling the trees, man brings to earth forever that essence of God that discloses itself in the play of sun through leaves.

The poet's offense at the smell and smudge of man does not originate solely in the fact that "after-comers" are denied the "beauty been." Offense derives from man's failure to observe the fundamental relationship that should exist between man and creator. Appreciation should be shown for the gift, the theophany of the world; the ultimate appreciation would be the return of the gift in its fresh, original state. Without man's response, there is no logos.¹⁴ Therefore, without the caretaking response even physis is meaningless:

. . . deliver it, early now, long before
 death
 Give beauty back, beauty, beauty, beauty, back to God,
 beauty's self and beauty's giver.
 (Poems, 59 "Golden," 18-19)

The focus and the responsibility have shifted to man. Isolated from the force that fused the universe by his inability to recognize and celebrate that force, he undergoes the degeneration that he has inflicted on the earth. Yet, while the poet may deplore man's "tainting of the earth's air" (Poems, 59:4), having turned to man, he must, inevitably, turn to himself:

Come you indoors, come home; your fading fire
 Mend first and vital candle in close heart's vault;
 You there are master, do your own desire;

What hinders? Are you beam-blind, yet to a fault
 In a neighbour deft-handed? are you that liar
 And, cast by conscience out, spendsavour salt?
 (Poems, 46:9-14)

Has he spent his salt-of-the-earth savour, his own distinctive alum-taste? Is he so deft at finding faults that he becomes the hypocrite, ignoring the beam in his own eye? Is that vital candle dying that "puts blissful back . . . night's blear-all-black" (Poems, 46:2-3)? At this the poet hurls headlong from the bright heights of celebration into the now-dark abyss of self. The terrible words of his allusion, the Sermon on the Mount, become reality: "But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" (Matthew vi:23)

The pell-mell tumble of syllable on syllable is gone and replaced by the deadly tread of monosyllables:

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.
 What hours, O what black hours we have spent
 This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!
 (Poems, 67:1-3)

Personal communication with God has been lost; nor is it likely to
 be restored with "yet longer light's delay" (Poems, 67:4):

And my lament
 Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent
 To dearest him that lives alas! away.
 (Poems, 67:6-8)

The voice receives no answer and cries, "Comforter, where, where is
 your comfort?" (Poems, 65:3). This too is a dead letter posted into
 darkness:

I cast for comfort I can no more get
 By groping round my comfortless, than blind
 Eyes in their dark can day.
 (Poems, 69:5-7)

Hanging unheard, unseeing, on the sheer cliffs of the mountains of
 the mind, he pitches "past pitch of grief" (Poems, 65:1) to carrion
 despair beneath, to the black awareness that death's end-all is all,
 and an almost desirable oblivion at that:

Here! creep,
 Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all
 Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.
 (Poems, 65:12-14)

In the last line the barren monosyllables move by, again echoing
 dark, not day.

The images darken and obscure the tone and texture: "For
 earth her being has unbound; her dapple is at an end" (Poems, 61:5).
 Shadows throng upon shadows and blot out both memory and identity:

as-
 tray or aswarm, all throughther, in throngs; self ín self
 steepèd and páshed--quíte
 Disremembering, dísmémbering áll now.
 (Poems, 61:5-7)

Man's night looms like a monstrous black wave of the sea, "óur night whélms, whélms, ánd will end us" (Poems, 61:8). Dragon-beaked branches score and deface the impervious metal shell of night. For man, scanned by "darksome devouring eyes" (Poems, 64:7), "beakleaved boughs" (Poems, 61:9), blackness, and the "hearse-of-all night" (Poems, 61:2), "all is in an enormous dark/Drowned" (Poems, 72:12-13). Is man's only destiny to be extinguished in darkness, "a grimy vasty vault" (Poems, 60:102)?

In all of Hopkins's major poems, there are no more than a half dozen references to shades of grey or shadow. His imagery runs to extremes: either he is standing in the shining sun of joy and celebration, or the light is gone altogether and he plunges into the abyss of utter night. Ultimately, in the most terrifying of his sonnets of terror, "Spelt from Sybil's Leaves" (Poems, 61), all the "sandalled" shadows are gone, and the poet's being balances on the black and white razor's edge of either/or. The shades and subtleties of life are gone, and

. . . párt, pen, páck
 Now her áll in twó flocks, twó folds--black, white; right,
 wrong; reckon but, reck but, mind
 But thése two; wáre of a wórld where bút these twó tell, each
 off the óther.
 (Poems, 61:11-13)

Hopkins's darkness is never the mere extinction of light. His poetry etches, paints, and proclaims nights of the soul, yearnings

for illumination in black voids of doubt, dark pits of suffering - times when he was driven to wonder whether his spiritual eyes had been blinded or the light of God had actually gone out. Darkness breaks the circle of the senses by which man intuitively God. He is deprived and feels acutely his separation from God is hell.

Ever since his early poetry ("The Habit of Perfection," Poems, 22, for example), it had been Hopkins's problem to make sense of darkness, to harmonize darkness and light. The dark disaster of "The Wreck of the Deutschland" is ordained by "the lingerer with a love" who "glides/Lower than death and the dark" (Poems, 28:33:3-4). Dawn and the Holy Ghost overcome the blackness of nightfall in "God's Grandeur" (Poems, 31). Only Christ follows men into the darkness and oblivion of death (Poems, 40). But try as he will to accustom his mind to darkness, to intellectually and emotionally assure himself that blackest death and despair are God's doing, he finds that the dark becomes almost too much for him. It presses down on his sleepless nights like the hairy hide of an animal, it all but blinds him spiritually, and finally it threatens to engulf him in the total ignominy of sin, anonymity, and death. Even suffering, which earlier in his career had been sanctified and made meaningful by Christ's Passion and love, has distilled itself into an elemental torture-rack of white-right versus black-wrong within the fibres of his naked self. In his mad insight, Lear likewise uttered:

Is man no more than this? Consider
 him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the
 beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no per-
 fume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated;
 thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man
 is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal
 as thou art.

(King Lear, III, iv, 105-111)

He finds himself on the rending rack of "Sibyl's Leaves," in the bruising combat of "Carrion Comfort," on the sheer precipice of "No worst, there is none," in the close and sweaty night of "I wake and feel the fell of dark," and in the dark desert of "My own heart let me have more pity on." In this latter sonnet (Poems, 69), beaten, tired, and going nowhere, he finally advises himself to stop trying to solve life's riddles and perplexities alone:

Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise
 You, jaded, let be; call off thoughts awhile
 Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size

At God knows when to God knows what.

(Poems, 69:9-12)

But the ultimately determining factor, more important than even physical sight, is the inward, imaginative, or spiritual perception. Whatever the man inwardly perceives to be true is true - for him. If Samson were finally to decide that God's light was extinct, it would be extinct. Should Hopkins conclude that God indeed will remain "away," and that the quest for light were futile, he would be forced to abandon his faith. In the second act of Hopkins's unfinished tragedy, St. Winefred's Well (Poems, 152), Winefred's murderer, Caradoc, asks the crucial question:

We cannot live this life out; sometimes we must weary
 And in this darksome world what comfort can I find?
 Down this darksome world comfort where can I find
 When'ts light I quenched?

(Poems, p. 190)

Man cannot find light within himself, blind eyes can do nothing but grope helplessly. Alone in his desperate longing, man's own light is itself nothing but darkness and extinction. What is needed is that seeming impossibility - sight despite blindness, light despite darkness. Only after his eyes were cruelly put out was King Lear's Gloucester able to see clearly. Likewise, in "The Habit of Perfection," Hopkins commands:

Be shellèd eyes, with double dark
 And find the uncreated light:
 This ruck and reel which you remark
 Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

(Poems, 22:9-12)

It is man's determination to be self-sufficient, to rebel - this is the Original Sin. Too proud to ask for aid, he would rather fumble in darkness and take his chances with death than, as the poet advises:

let be; call off thoughts awhile
 Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size

At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile
 's not wrung, see you; unforeseen times rather--as skies
 Betweenpie mountains--lights a lovely mile.

(Poems, 69:10-14)

Light is energy; darkness is dead. Even a very small light, like the candle indoors, can overcome night with ease - just by being: "I muse at how its being puts blissful back/ With yellowy moisture mild night's blear-all black" (Poems, 46:2-3). Hopkins asks only that man allow light's energy to pierce through the encompassing veil. If man actively refuses to see the light, he will not see it,

and it will not be there. Likewise, rather than trying to move the dark mountains, he should instead passively permit the light's own vitality to smile between them.

The nun on the doomed "Deutschland" is lashed by rain, wind, and sea. "The rash smart slogging brine / Blinds her; but she that weather sees one thing, one" (Poems, 28:19:4-5, my italics). The night is dark; she is sea-blinded; yet she sees, calls on, and trusts the light of God - undismayed by the benighting tempest. Hopkins is assured that God's mercy and purpose are not only beyond and outside the black terror of catastrophe, but the light of his love can even permeate the evil moment itself: "For the lingerer with a love glides / Lower than death and the dark" (Poems, 28:33:3-4). The mighty message the poet announces is that Christ himself was "passion-plunged" (Poems, 28:33:7). When the sufferer instresses the Passion of Christ, even the horror of utter darkness is given a saving perspective.

If there ever was an event in which evil, innocent suffering, malice, and human pain reached a climax, it was in the Passion and crucifixion of Christ. From the human point of view, from that of freedom, it was the maximum of that freedom which men had abused, which was to fight against God himself. At the same time, however, the cross was God's sovereign act of redemption. This extraordinary evil, then, was that which God did not will and did not do, but at the same time he had such power over this evil that he was able to make it an instrument of triumph and salvation. The suffering of soul and body aboard the "Deutschland" may have been beyond telling,

but Christ had glory of this nun, in the midst of torment, and was conceived again in her to his glory and her sanctification.

The fallen world, the natural world of unredeemed man is described by Hopkins in imagery most appropriate to their condition - that is darkness and night. The nature of the child of Adam is to crouch in the dark; sins are Biblically described as "works of darkness" (Romans xiii:12). In a sermon on this passage from Romans, Hopkins said:

This life is night, it is night and not day; we are like sleepers in the nighttime, we are like men that walk in the dark . . . The time then that is passing between Christ's first coming and his second is night and his second coming will be the day.

This life is night, it is a night, it is a dark time. It is so because the truth of things is either dimly seen or not seen at all. The thoughts in men's hearts are dark, they are not seen, because this life is night . . . and all things are alike in the dark.

So then the world is again dark without him, because Christ the light of the world is gone.

(V, 39-40)

When Christ's light withdraws or is lost from sight, man's black-bound condition becomes, in Hopkins's vision and experience, terrible almost beyond description.

For example, the "Deutschl nd" may be considered as a microcosm. Seen in the context of this sermon-extract, the unfortunate plight of the doomed ship and its passengers becomes representative of the fact that outside of Christ "this life is night, . . . and we are like sleepers in the nighttime." It is true that the light of God and Christ is omnipotent, it is true that all nature is a theophany of light, and it is true that man has within him a spark or fire of life. But unless man is given grace to have, get the living light for himself, all other light is ultimately no better

72), as the poet remarks on the fleeting impermanence of man's life and work. In the strictly natural state, all man's strivings and yearnings are hopeless and fraught with the potential of despair. Time and darkness move over him without looking back or remembering. The darkness of existence-without-God presses into every crevice of life - and death - because there is no light strong enough to endure in holding back its sheer, black, oppressive weight. To illustrate, in the following passage the relative puniness of the words descriptive of man, "bonniest," "spark," "firedint," "mark on mind," and "shone sheer off," contrast sharply with the forces of darkness allied against him: "unfathomable," "enormous," "drowned," "blots black out," and "vastness blurs."

Million-fueled, nature's bonfire burns on.
 But quench her bonniest, dearest to her, her clearest-selved
 spark
 Man, how fast his firedint, his mark on mind, is gone!
 Both are in an unfathomable, all is in an enormous dark
 Drowned.

(Poems, 72:9-13)

Hopkins is often pressed into giving darkness a concreteness which will metaphorically carry the necessary emotional weight into the description of man's condition. The sensuous substance which the poet gives to otherwise abstract "darkness" makes the image more readily effective: "I wake and feel the fell of dark" (Poems, 67:1, my italics). He speaks, in "The Lantern out of Doors" of certain men, some of whom are particularly unique, as "wading" through life's night. With their "rich," if not powerful, lantern-beams "they rain against our much-thick and marsh air" (Poems, 40:4, 7, 8). Just as in the "Heraclitean Fire," however, eventually these men and their

lanterns are extinguished and swallowed from sight by the darkness. Then despite all efforts to the contrary, they are gradually forgotten - except by Christ, who alone remembers.

"That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire" is, I feel, Hopkins's finest poem - a questioning, doxological, and triumphant masterpiece. Alan Heuser says that the "most complete objectification and most successful resolution of the spiritual warfare came in [this] long sonnet Here the combat became the battle of the elements in storm around the central fire of nature (from Heraclitus and early Greek thought). Pagan pessimism in the mortal flux of nature and man confronted, and was reversed by, Christian optimism in the resurrection of the body."¹⁵ Heuser is exactly right. According to Heraclitus, πάντα χωρεῖ, πάντα ῥεῖ ("All things make room, all things flow"), and no being stands a chance of eternal survival. The reader will recall, though, that in the early Greek system, physis as coming-forth from concealment is dominated by the dark aspect and logos as assemblage of beings is dominated by the light aspect.¹⁶ For two and a half years, Hopkins's poetry had shown a preoccupation with darkness, with physis alone, as it were. But without attention or response to the light of logos, physis becomes incoherent, and despair is the result.

In "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire," written a year before his death, Hopkins finally meets the dark of annihilation and the brilliant light of logos head on. This time, the pagan physis of Heraclitus retreats toward the absolute darkness of eternal extinction, but before the poet yields to this "blear-all black" (Poems,

46:3) the physis is suddenly sanctified by the explosive reality of Christ's resurrection, the divine Logos. Light and dark are reconciled; again physis becomes the appearance of reality, the Logos (Christ, this time) becomes the meaningful assemblage of truth in the light of that reality. The lesson from "The Wreck of the Deutschland" is underscored: in the instress of shock, nature reveals God and man reveals himself.

Outward and visible nature, and even the destiny of natural man (whose destiny is certain death), when instressed, becomes an expression of the presence of the Triune God and especially Christ who, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, is described as a "Son, whom [God] hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; Who [is] the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and [upholds] all things by the word of his power" (Hebrews, i:2-3). To say that Christ upholds "all things by the word of his power" is to say that Christ is the power of instress in all created things. The Holy Ghost "broods" over fallen nature, keeping intact her inscapes and rewinding the instresses that have become unstrung. The inscape of the physical Christ is the Logos who is the fulfilment and the aletheia in each natural inscape. God the Father is the "Utterer" (Poems, 145:31) of each "word," logos, inscape; and throughout Hopkins's journals and poems the natural event is inseparable from the thought about God. The notes on Parmenides end: "Men, he thought, had sprung from slime" (IV, 130). Slime is not-being, mere multiplicity without instress,

meaninglessness. Man, if he continues to harden his heart to nature, must go back to that condition.

First and foremost, Hopkins's poetry is an expression of physical, sensual experience. Geoffrey H. Hartman states it thus: "The act of sight has become a moral responsibility [Hopkins] works in the belief that 'Man's spirit will be flesh-bound when found at best' and claims for his theme the dialogue between the created senses and created beauty."¹⁷ The words of his poetry attempt to catch, restore, and hold this sensitivity to nature for readers who "have trod, have trod, have trod" over God's created grandeur. God expresses himself to man through created phenomena that act upon man's created senses - in other words through the "Book of Creatures." Martin Luther, "beast of the waste wood" (Poems, 28:20:6), once said that "God reveals himself to us, as the Speaker, who has, in himself, an eternal uncreated Word, whereby he created the world and all things, with slight labour, namely, with speech, so that to God it is not more difficult to create than it is to us to name."¹⁸ According to Vycinas, Heidegger says that "in the legein of the poet physis and mythos are talking. The framing-in of a world is a work of the founding physis, carried by mythos and spelled out by poetry, the mortal legein. The work or word of a poet is actually the work or word of the ultimate powers of the world, and such a work or word primarily reflects these powers."¹⁹ In most respects, what is stated here is true of Hopkins as well.

In its simplest terms, nature is the expression of God but it requires a responding man to make that expression meaningful. In

his painstakingly careful legein he names earth, sky, and mortals and thereby brings them to light in his utterance. In that light, the logos of being and the divine Logos of the "ground of being, and granite of it: past all/ Grasp God" (Poems, 28:32:6-7), are brought to a stand. "A poet thus is not an aesthetician but a prophet, and a prophet is not a resigned and surrendering servant of the gods, but the guardian of the truth of Being. By not submerging into the divinity, and thus remaining himself, the poet guards the logos of the world. To be a prophet is to know the truth, to guard it and to hand it to others. A poet is a mediator between gods and men."²⁰

VI

THE INCARNATION OF THE WORD

[Christ was] the first outstress of God's power.
(V, 197)

Man is on earth as a caretaking guardian of the things of the earth, and God is immanent in every aspect of man's life on earth. The world is not a chimere, a cloak of the spiritual, the only, reality; Christianity demands recognition of the reality of matter. The Word made flesh, the Incarnation, is here and now and always. To reject the body is to reject the meaning of the Resurrection, the triumph of the incarnate Logos. If the material things of earth, air, sky, and water were not real, the Incarnation would be impossible. In the Gospel of John, looming large among the signs St. John discloses is the theme of the new creation. The prologue of that gospel (i:1-18) is clearly modelled on the opening chapter of Genesis, and many other things about the gospel point to this theme. The seven days are reflected by seven episodes in the Book of Signs (i:19-xii:50), seven miracles are related, seven discourses given, seven titles that Jesus gives himself. It is feasible to suggest that the evangelist wished to point to the gospel as the story of the Creator's second week, the creation of a new world with a new life. Christ is himself that new creation, the life and

light of the new world.

The Word made flesh makes the historic redemption possible. Why did God become man? For one school of thought within the Roman Catholic church, the followers of St. Thomas Aquinas, revelation seems to indicate that God sent his son into the world to redeem it. The world needed redemption after Adam fell from grace and brought down the curse of universal sin upon man. For another school, the followers of Duns Scotus, the more satisfying answer is that God wanted to confer upon mankind the greatest possible gift of his love. He wished to draw man as closely as possible to himself, whether man had sinned or not. The Incarnation of his son was God's way of manifesting his infinite love. Christopher Devlin explains:

Scotus rejected the theory of certain theologians that only the death of a God-man could satisfy an offended God; he refused to believe that God the Son's assumption of a created nature was contingent upon the sins of either angels or of men: 'I say then that the Fall was not the reason for Christ's predestination. Even if no angel had fallen, nor any man, Christ would still have been predestined - yes, even if no others were to have been created save only Christ.'

Hopkins had held this theory ever since he began reading Scotus.

(V, 109)

The Thomistic solution stresses the divine unity of Christ, whereas Scotism emphasizes the humanity of the God-man.

Lancelot Andrewes, in his Nativity Sermon of 1621, insists that "there is not any thing that concerneth this mystery [of the Incarnation], but is within this text" of John i:14:¹ "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us." The "word," Andrewes adds, stresses Christ's divinity, and "flesh," his humanity:

As the Son is to the Father, so is the word to the mind. The Son, Proles parentis; the word, proles mentis The Son from the Father, the word from the mind; and so note out unto us a party proceeding, a second Person from the first; from Him that begetteth, the Son; from him that speaketh, the word

The Son referreth to a living nature, the Word addeth farther an intellectual nature; . . . that there is in Him not only the nature and life, but the wisdom of the Father.²

Andrewes is careful to preserve a distance between Word and flesh

(between logos and physis), between God and man, as it were. The

logos is still "metaphysical":

Both [Son and word] proceed. The Word sheweth the manner; the Son, the truth of His proceeding. With us the son is not begot but by flesh, by propagation; the Word therefore requisite to shew His proceeding was after no carnal manner, but as the word from the mind. A better term could not be devised. For there is not in all the world a more pure, simple, inconcrete procreation than that whereby the mind conceiveth the word within it.³

In a different light, Ludwig Feuerbach argues in The Essence of Christianity (published in 1841) that God, the Incarnation, and even the power of words themselves are "only a result of the imagination."⁴ Feuerbach divorces objects of the senses and religious objects:

In religion, consciousness of the object and self-consciousness coincide. The object of the senses is out of man, the religious object is within him, and therefore as little forsakes him as his self-consciousness or his conscience; it is the intimate, the closest object

But when religion - consciousness of God - is designated as the self-consciousness of man, this is not to be understood as affirming that the religious man is directly aware of this identity; for . . . ignorance of it is fundamental to the peculiar nature of religion.⁵

In fact, "the Incarnation is nothing else than the practical, material manifestation of the human nature of God."⁶ Feuerbach continues his no-nonsense dualism:

The second Person in God, who is in truth the first person in religion, is the nature of the imagination made objective. The definitions of the second Person are principally images or symbols; and these images do not proceed from man's incapability of conceiving the object otherwise than symbolically, - which is an altogether false interpretation, - but the thing cannot be conceived otherwise than symbolically because the thing itself is a symbol or image. The Son is, therefore, expressly called the Image of God.⁷

Connected with the nature of the image is another definition of the second Person, namely, that he is the Word of God.

A word is an abstract image, the imaginary thing, or, in so far as everything is ultimately an object of the thinking power, it is the imagined thought: hence men, when they know the word, the name for a thing, fancy that they know the thing also.⁸

It is in his discussion of words themselves, as the previous quotation might suggest, that Feuerbach becomes even more defensive of rationality against the irrational (and therefore unreal) powers of language and imagination:

To the ancients, as children of the imagination, the Word was a being - a mysterious, magically powerful being. Even the Christians, and not only the vulgar among them, but also the learned, the Fathers of the Church, attached to the mere name of Christ, mysterious powers of healing Words themselves are only a result of the imagination, and hence have the effect of a narcotic on man, imprison him under the power of the imagination. Words possess a revolutionising force; words govern mankind. Words are held sacred; while the things of reason and truth are decried.⁹

Beings are the objects and man is the subject of experience. Truth, according to such metaphysical subjectivism, is agreement between subject and object brought about by logical play with words. The ability to play logically with words keeps words in their place and prevents any unfortunate, and illogical, narcotic side-effects of imagination. Of course, there is no likelihood of the word becoming something as scandalous as flesh. The same kind of metaphysical fastidiousness that makes Andrewes insist on the not-quite-fleshness of the Word makes Feuerbach stress the unacceptability of the

unreasonable, the imagination, by the use of such words as "mysterious," "narcotic," and "imprison."

T.S. Eliot, on the other hand, emphasizes the centrality of the Incarnation of Christ, and Incarnation is one of the central themes of the Four Quartets. In his essay on Lancelot Andrewes we find him insisting upon the Incarnation as the central doctrine of the Christian Faith.¹⁰ Bergsten says:

What particular interpretation Eliot gives to the doctrine of the Incarnation, is difficult to tell, but if he sometimes seems to be vague on this point in his poetry, it is certainly not because he was unaware of the controversy that raged for two thousand years . . . Eliot's unwillingness to commit himself to any particular interpretation of the doctrine of the Incarnation is probably a deliberate intention. He does not wish to narrow the range of associations too much, but rather to extend the symbolic meaning of the Incarnation so as to include a wider field of experience which, though apparently wholly secular, reveals a deeply religious significance in the light of the Christian doctrine.¹¹

Incarnation is the acknowledgement of the pure white light that Eliot feared but brought himself to make:

Who then devised the torment? Love.
Love is the unfamiliar Name
Behind the hands that wove
The intolerable shirt of flame
Which human power cannot remove.
We only live, only suspire
Consumed by either fire or fire.¹²

The choice once made leads to integration of both the self and of artistic work. Both theologically, morally, and aesthetically, "love" is the unfamiliar word that makes life no longer incomplete and fragmented but whole. The "far-off divine event" has already happened and is always happening. The Incarnation, the "intersection of the timeless moment/ Is England and nowhere. Never and always."¹³

It repeats itself in the insignificant events of insignificant individuals, giving unity to life and art: "Only through time time is conquered."¹⁴ The true religious poet is informed by the knowledge of God. God is not simply subject matter for theology and art; the whole life is centered on his continuing revelation.

It is always in terms of the stabbing pain of light that the Incarnation emerges in Four Quartets - its nature being to cleanse and purify in much the same way as fire does, a searing and painful agony that only after pain can yield to the highest joy.

In Four Quartets, until the resplendent moment when "the dove descending breaks the air/ With flame of incandescent terror."¹⁵ light is always seen refracted, reflected, a vision passing in a moment:

And the pool was filled with water out of sunlight,
And the lotos rose, quietly, quietly,
The surface glittered out of heart of light . . .
Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind
Cannot bear very much reality.¹⁶

Reality on earth is bound to be imperfect because it is not God's reality; Incarnation would be impossible otherwise. Perhaps I am misconstruing Eliot here; but if I am not, his view lies close to Hopkins's who, as I said above, does not make the Incarnation depend upon man's Fall. However, even had man not fallen, he would still have needed redemption from his state of "worthlessness" and "nothingness" vis a vis God's infinite majesty, worth, and perfection: "Man therefore gained by the Fall and Christ's redemption was a richer one, as bloodred is richer than white and bloodshed costlier than to heave a sigh" (V, 170).

Art is not incarnation in itself. It merely strives and fails to achieve the condition of life. The true place of words is to point the way towards the truth of the Word - in that way only can the artist reach towards the Incarnation.

Eliot prefaces Four Quartets with two quotations from Heraclitus, and it is Heraclitus' doctrine of the flux of time which he builds up and then destroys (in much the same way as Hopkins does in "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire"). "Upon those that step into the same rivers different and different waters flow It scatters and . . . gathers . . . , it comes together and flows away . . . , approaches and departs."¹⁷ Heraclitus uses the river image . . . to emphasize the absolute continuity of change in every single thing: everything is in perpetual flux like the river This world-order (the same for all) did none of the gods or men make, but it always was and is and shall be.

The world is an ever-living fire, parts of which are always extinguished to form the two main world-masses, sea and earth. Changes between fire, sea and earth balance each other; pure, or aetherial, fire has a directive capacity.¹⁸

It is this sense of the permanence of matter and of the endless, inexorable, "irredeemable" flux of time that captures Eliot in the depressed mood of "East Coker" and "Dry Salvages." He describes it in Heraclitus' elemental terms:

In that open field
If you do not come too close, if you do not come too close,
On a summer midnight, you can hear the music
Of the weak pipe and the little drum
And see them dancing around the bonfire
The association of man and woman
In daunsinge, signifying matrimonie--
A dignified and commodious sacrament.
Two and two, necessarye coniunction,
Holding eche other by the hand or the arm
Whiche betokeneth concorde. Round and round the fire
Leaping through the flames, or joined in circles,

Rustically solemn or in rustic laughter
 Lifting heavy feet in clumsy shoes,
 Earth feet, loam feet, lifted in country mirth
 Mirth of those long since under earth
 Nourishing the corn. Keeping time,
 Keeping the rhythm in their dancing
 As in their living in the living seasons
 The time of the seasons and the constellations
 The time of milking and the time of harvest
 The time of the coupling of man and woman
 And that of beasts. Feet rising and falling.
 Eating and drinking. Dung and death.¹⁹

To "nourish the corn" is all man can hope for, if he believes only
 in the flux. Evolution is allowed for, but it is evolution without
 aim - change merely for the sake of change, rather than a higher,
 divine preparation:

The river is within us, the sea is all about us;
 The sea is the land's edge also, the granite
 Into which it reaches, the beaches where it tosses
 Its hints of earlier and other creation:
 The starfish, the horseshoe crab, the whale's backbone.²⁰

Only the Incarnation can break the endless pattern of inescapable
 flux:

Between midnight and dawn, when the past is all deception,
 The future futureless, before the morning watch
 When time stops and time is never-ending;
 And the ground swell, that is and was from the beginning,
 Clangs
 The bell.²¹

The bell, the revelation, the Incarnate Christ, intersects the time-
 less moment and makes all time redeemable. Without such revelation,
 such intervention, the flux is the only law and it destroys men's
 efforts and hopes.

Hopkins's poetry is not, like Eliot's tends to be, symbolical
 image-clusters "about" the Incarnation, where, according to Donald
 Davie, "the meaning flower[s] unstated . . . from the space between"²²

Eliot's images. Hopkins's poetry, again and again, is a re-enactment of the moment of intersection of time and timeless, Logos revealed in physis. His purpose is "to name and praise him" (V, 129) rather than to expound and explain. In order to "name" Christ in nature, Christ's mystery first must be instressed. In order to instress Christ, a physical inscape is required that will grasp the mind and the senses - hence the vital importance of the incarnate Word, the Logos assembled in physis. Geoffrey Hartman says:

Hopkins differs from both Wordsworth and more modern philosophy by putting the unity of cognition not in the nature of event as process, nor in the event as occasional awareness of the divine and subsistent ground of vision, but in the event as Christ. No one has gone further than Hopkins in presenting Christ as the direct and omnipresent object of perception, so deeply ingrained in the eyes, the flesh, and the bone, that the sense of self and the sense of being in Christ can no longer be distinguished.²³

"In Hopkins," Hartman continues, "against tradition, Christ the human and spiritual intermediary between man and God becomes Christ the supreme physical revelation and physical compulsion Hopkins views the world through the actual body of Christ."²⁴

"Hopkins views the world through the actual body of Christ":

And in this Gospel, brethren, we read what is the work the Holy Ghost has come to do: it is to glorify God the Son. Christ came into this world to glorify God his Father; the Holy Ghost came to glorify Christ. Christ made God known by appearing in human shape, the Word took flesh and dwelt amongst us; the Holy Ghost makes Christ known by living in his Church, he makes his temple in Christian hearts and dwells within us. Christ glorified the Father by his death and resurrection, the Holy Ghost glorifies Christ by the persecutions and the triumphs of the Catholic Church. Christ was himself but one and lived and died but once; but the Holy Ghost makes of every Christian another Christ, an AfterChrist; lives a million lives in every age.
(V, 99-100)

Hopkins's whole life and being, by his own testimony, was "determined by the Incarnation down to most of the details of the day" (V:263).

These words were written less than a year before his death, but well might stand as the informing epigraph of all his work. Able to see the Incarnation as more than a means to an end (his own redemption), Hopkins made "the incredible condescension of the Incarnation" a fact that even did away with the difficulties presented by the apparent "trivialness" of life (III:19). According to Christopher Devlin, Hopkins "saw creation as dependent upon the decree of the Incarnation, and not the other way round" (V:109). The former, is, of course, Scotist thinking, and "the other way round," Thomistic. In fact, according to a contemporary of Hopkins's, Joseph Rickaby, "all creation from the first was in view of the Incarnation, and that even antecedently to the sin of Adam the Word Incarnate is the principle of the elevation of angels and men to the supernatural order and to the dignity of children of God" (V, 111).

Even Heidegger is surprisingly Scotist in his approach to logos, and this further justifies discussing Hopkins's similarity to the "philosopher of Being" - even in the context of something as non-Heideggerian as the Incarnation of Christ. The reader will recall that Aquinas made the Incarnation a consequence of man's fall from grace and that Scotus insisted that the Incarnation was an inevitable and ultimately sustaining act of love. Paraphrasing Heidegger, Vycinas says that since the logos is "the assembling letting-lie" it is the founding ground of everything and that "everything which is, is indebted for its being to logos. Debt in Greek is aition which in Roman translation is causa, the cause. Hence, logos or physis is the principle and cause, in the same sense of the ground of everything.

In the post-Socratic philosophies, this situation becomes reversed: nature becomes determined by the principles and causes, instead of being their ground."²⁵ Physis is the ground where truth is rooted. Logos basically shows or brings to appearance that which is inherent and potential in physis. Therefore, logos can be considered as the bringing to light or disclosure of physis. Disclosure, aletheia, is truth. Logos, then, is the truth of physis, the world. Furthermore, logos is language or parlance. Since logos is rooted in physis, physis is the foundation of language.

It is not difficult to construct a Christian analogue to this system. Christ, the divine Logos, by becoming flesh, joins the temporal and the divine, the physical and truth. He is the foundation of language and the ultimate inscape of the world. Vycinas also says:

Since physis is that which grants life or being to everything, it itself is that in which all such life or being is based. It is as though it were a caretaking hand which places everything in its order and stands behind such order and backs it up

Physis, by throwing everything into its boundaries, by 'defining,' is itself apeiron - indefinite.

That which is boundless or indefinite (apeiron) can never be encountered. It can be experienced only as that which holds everything in limits ('de-fines') That which enables everything to appear, itself appears merely as the source of all that which appears, and therefore appears as that which constantly remains in concealment.²⁶

The strife of revelation and concealment which constitutes the dynamic essence of physis is not a strife of arrogance, but a strife of inclination. In this strife of inclination the very essence of love (philia) is rooted Revelation or the coming-forward does not remove or destroy the concealment or withdrawl. On the contrary, it depends on it and is in need of it to be the revelation and the coming-forward. Total darkness as well as total light does not reveal anything This interplay itself is the fundamental strife and the fundamental love.²⁷

T.S. Eliot once suggested that Hopkins should not be thought

of as a "religious" but as a "nature" poet.²⁸ But poems like "As Kingfishers Catch Fire" or "The Windhover" (and there are many others) are only nature poetry in the sense that they try to bore down into the very physis itself, into nature's own disclosure of itself. "The Windhover" is not about what a hawk looks like, so much as about what it must be like to be at the centre of its wheeling and sweeping, the self-feel of the bird. This is also religious poetry, because if one follows down the thread of this self-feel one will eventually and surely come to a personal core of divine creativity: the logos, Christ, in fact. This is exactly what happens in the octave of "Kingfishers," for the sestet continues:

I say more: the just man justices;
 Keeps gr^ace: th^at keeps all his goings graces;
 Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is--
 Chrⁱst. For Christ plays in ten thousand places,
 Lovely in limbs, the lovely in eyes not his
 To the Father through the features of men's faces.
(Poems, 57:9-14)

Hopkins owed this existential approach to Duns Scotus. "This is the purpose of the world," Hopkins said in a sermon, "the end of our being: when we have once said from our hearts /Glory be to God/ we have answered the end of our being, we have born fruit to our maker" (V:28). Even Christ, reigning in heaven, "could not worship the Father, but when he became man and entered upon his new nature the first thing he did in it was to adore God in it Christ no sooner found himself in human nature than he blessed and hallowed it by saluting his heavenly Father, raising his new heart to him, and offering all his new being to his honour" (V, 14).

It is important to emphasize the radical materialism that

characterizes Hopkins's view of the Incarnation. The very heart of his confession lay in the mystery of God's Incarnation which has been summarized in the first chapter of St. John's gospel. Hopkins's faith stood, wavered for a painful time, then reasserted itself by this double fact, that Christ was really God as well as truly man, "with his hands hardnailed out and appealingly stretched on the cross" (V, 18). His humanity was not merely an appearance, but was a real existing nature and the way by which God was able to lovingly approach his creation. This divine person was man just as surely as the man was God.

Things, events, and people are, even tangibly, "marked, as a great seal, . . . by the Incarnation But our lives and in particular those of religious, as mine, are in their whole direction, not only inwardly but most visibly and outwardly, shaped by Christ's. Without that even outwardly the world could be so different that we cannot even guess it" (V:263, my italics). Hopkins's Holy Ghost, for example, is, in the same breath, an actual flesh-and-blood bird, warm and brooding, and a spirit "with ah! bright wings" (Poems, 31: 14). Hopkins's God is, at once, the divine Father of all, object of universal veneration, and he whose features can be descried in the "brinded" colouring of a cow, the wings of finches, and the humble implements of manual labour (Poems, 37). Hopkins's Christ is, simultaneously, the star-wafted eternal Son of God and a physical man whose inscape in nature is utterly tactile and palpable. In the November 23, 1879 sermon delivered at Bedford Leigh, Hopkins gives an account, "current in the Church," of the physical person of Christ:

There met in Jesus Christ all things that can make man lovely and loveable. In his body he was most beautiful. This is known first by the tradition in the Church that it was so and by holy writers agreeing to suit those words to him / Thou art beautiful in mould above the sons of men: we have even accounts of him written in early times. They tell us that he was moderately tall, well built and tender in frame, his features straight and beautiful, his hair inclining to auburn, parted in the midst, curling and clustering about the ears and neck as the leaves of a filbert, so they speak, about the nut. He wore also a forked beard and this as well as the locks upon his head were never touched by razor or shears; neither, his health being perfect, could a hair ever fall to the ground.

(V, 35)

Christ's presence can also be so dynamic it can literally knock the poet over:

And the azurous hung hills are his world-wielding shoulder
Majestic--as a stallion stalwart, very-violet-sweet!--
These things, these things were here and but the beholder
Wanting; which two when they once meet,
The heart rears wings bold and bolder
And hurls for him, O half hurls earth for him off under his
feet.

(Poems, 38:9-14)

Hopkins once said, "But for my part I like to feel that I should have feared him" (V, 38). In another place, the "Contemplation for Obtaining Love," Hopkins writes, "all things therefore are charged with love, are charged with God and if we know how to touch them give off sparks and take fire, yield drops and flow, ring and tell of him" (V, 195). His language is not merely figurative. The Incarnation has not only invested Hopkins's Christ with flesh and blood, it has left a profound charge of energy in every creature. This energy is the tuned pitch of being, the instress, which has the power to literally wring, hit, find, or trench the mind and senses of the observer.

I leave it to you, brethren, then to picture him, in whom the fulness of the godhead dwelt bodily, in his bearing how majestic, how strong and yet how lovely and lissome in his limbs, in his look how earnest, grave but kind. In his Passion all this strength was spent, this lissomness crippled, this beauty wrecked, this majesty beaten down. But now it is more than all restored, and for myself I make no secret I look forward with eager desire to seeing the matchless beauty of Christ's body in the heavenly light.

(V, 36)

The Incarnation, the Logos standing revealed in the burning light of physis, makes even the aimlessness and suffering of human life coherent. In his Mastery and Mercy, Philip M. Martin says it this way:

Now the Word, the Verbum, the Verb which gives power and coherence to the sentence of human life is a crucified Word, who triumphed through suffering, conquered through death, and succeeded through failure. If the essential Word be such as this then the sentence of existence makes sense after all; but it is only by 'wording it' by him that men may begin to see purpose in the incessant fever and flux of life. If we 'word it' by him - that is, if we consider the apparent injustices and sufferings of life in relation to that crucified Word, if we spell out the sentence in terms of him - then we begin to 'read the unshapeable,' and find joy and mastery where the world sees only pity and loss Heaven and earth, and all history, are 'words' of a God who suffers for mankind; and, while the whole natural creation is a word, an expression, a news, of God, Christ, God incarnate, is the Word of God Christ is the Word which labours, and speaks in, and brings purpose and coherence to, present and past, heaven and earth; and, at the same time, present and past, heaven and earth are the expression, the word of him:

. . . him that present and past,
Heaven and earth are word of, worded by.²⁹

"Wording it" has application not only to the existential Incarnation, but to the Incarnation and Hopkins (the poet) as well. First we must be reminded of the fact that the Greek logos comes from the root legein which has the meaning of gather, arrange, or collect. The gleaner picks or gathers or collects the grains that have dropped or been lost from the bundles. The worker in the

vineyard picks the grapes from the vines and brings them together for the purpose of making the wine. According to Heidegger, the Heraclitean logos means nothing else than this gathering or collecting.³⁰ "To say" (legein), as a poet does, is to collect and let lie all that is assembled in the dynamic openness of physis. This makes the poet's sayings subordinate to the truth of the assemblages of physis. "A word ultimately sets a being back into Being and thus preserves it in the openness of Being. Man as a talking being is the guardian of the language of Being Man as a talking being stands in the service of the language of Being, the logos of physis. 'Language really speaks and not man. Man only speaks insofar as he responds to language.'" ³¹ The poet, then, in his legein, collects, arranges, and brings to sight that which is already "hanging in the air."³² By the poet's response, as an artist, to physis (this response is the poet's instress of the instress of physis), the Heraclitean strife and fire is brought to a stand in the legein of the poem, and thus the poet assists in the disclosure of logos:

By finding the things which are assembled in the logos of nature, the poet is not merely copying them as objects standing in front of him and disposed to him. To do this would mean to show them as they are in their relation to man, who faces them, and not the way they are in the assemblage of logos. By singing things as in the light of holiness, a poet sings the hymns of holiness itself. The words of a poet primarily are words of holiness. "The holiness denotes the word and itself comes into this word, and the word is the event of holiness."³³

To face nature deeply and with awe, as Hopkins did, is alien to modern man because he will not let nature be what it is; instead he violates it by his subjective, technical thinking. Instead of encountering God, Christ, and holiness in creatues and nature, he reverses his

attitude. Instead of carefully responding to nature's logos (Logos, in Hopkins's terms), he subjugates it to his rational, logical logos. Even committed conservationists speak of "managing nature for her own good."

For Hopkins, the fundamental truth (aletheia) of the physical world is the texture of the Incarnate Logos informing every natural inscape. "Gods can be experienced by one who lives or dwells open to them--by a poet. The poet here is not a poet in the narrow sense, but a man with the knowledge of the beauty of the gods as the fundamental appearances of physis. To have an eye for the beauty of physis is eo ipso to have an ear for its logos. The poet brings logos to words in his poetry."³⁴ The first two stanzas of an unfinished poem, written in 1885, read thus:

Thee, God, I come from, to thee go,
All day long I like fountain flow
From thy hand out, swayed about
Mote-like in thy mighty glow.

What I know of thee I bless,
As acknowledging thy stress
On my being and as seeing
Something of thy holiness.

(Poems, 155:1-8, my italics)

In "The Wreck of the Deutschland," Hopkins conscientiously insists that:

Not out of his bliss
Springs the stress felt
Nor first from heaven (and few know this)
Swings the stroke dealt.

(Poems, 28:6:1-4, my italics)

The stress on man's being, whether it be a disaster or blissful encounter with Christ, takes place in time; "It dates from day/ Of his

going in Galilee" (Poems, 28:7:1-2, my italics):

Thence the discharge of it, there its swelling to be,
 Though felt before, though in high flood yet--
 What none would have known of it, only the heart, being hard
 at bay,

Is out with it! Oh,
 We lash with the best or worst
 Word last! How a lush-kept plush-capped sloe
 Will, mouthed to flesh-burst,
 Gush!--flush the man, the being with it, sour or sweet,
 Brim, in a flash, full!

(Poems, 28:7:6-8 to 28:8:1-6)

The encounter with logos takes place in physis, and the imagery surrounding that encounter with Christ Incarnate is not ethereal and mystical, but fleshy, juicy, and physical - like biting into a ripe plum. Later in the poem, we again find, in the imagery of conversion, nothing psychological, intellectual, or even spiritual. Christ's part in man's transformation is a physical part:

With an anvil-ding
 And with fire in him forge thy will
 Or rather, rather then, stealing as Spring
Through him, melt him.

(Poems, 28:10:1-4, my italics)

When the poet re-lives his own conversion (particularly in stanzas 1-4), he also recalls the experience as being almost unbearably physical. He speaks of "touching" and of "feeling" God's finger, of being "trod hard down," "astrain" and "laced with the fire of stress," and of the "pressure" of the gift of Christ's Incarnation (Poems, 28: 1, 2, & 4). There is nothing abstract or metaphysical about this response; Hopkins is uttering the bodily, sensible, solid collision between himself and Logos.

As the attention of the poem shifts to the ship and her

passengers, the stress continues to be on physical instress. The forces that break up the ship, killing many passengers, are God's forces (Poems, 28:17:1), but it is the "tall nun" who recognizes the truest revelation of the storm:

The rash smart slogging brine
Blinds her; but she that weather sees one thing, one;
Has one fetch in her.

(Poems, 28:19:4-6, my italics)

Under "fetch," the O.E.D. cites, among others, two substantive usages that are of interest in this context. The first, appropriate to the poem's setting, is a nautical one: "1882 T. Stevenson in Encycl. Brit. XIV. 615 1 What is wanted is to ascertain in such shorter seas the height of waves in relation to the length of 'fetch' in which they are generated." Apparently "fetch" can refer to an area in which ocean waves originate - a source. The other relevant usage, quite different from the nautical sense, and decidedly uncommon, is also strikingly appropriate: "The apparition, double, or wraith of a living person." O.E.D. cites a number of quotations to support this usage; for example: "1825 J. Banim Tales O'Hara Fam., The Fetches, In Ireland, 'a fetch' is the supernatural fac-simile of some individual which comes to ensure to its original a happy longevity, or immediate dissolution; if seen in the morning, the one event is predicted; if in the evening, the other [The nun's vision is a night-time one (Poems, 28:17:5)]." Another example is found in: "1830 Scott Demonol. vi 177 His . . . fetch or wraith, or double-ganger." "Fetch," therefore, is a doubly fitting word in this poem. The nun knows the true fetch or source of the killing storm, and she

has before her a fetch or vision of the living Christ, the ultimate Instress of their predicament. "'O Christ, Christ, come quickly'" (Poems, 28:24:7), she cried. Dissolution is immediate. "Ipse, the only one, Christ, King, Head:/ He was to cure the extremity where he had cast her" (Poems, 28:28:5-6). She had rightly:

Read the unshapeable shock night
 And knew the who and the why;
 Wording it how but by him that present and past,
 Heaven and earth are word of, worded by.
(Poems, 28:29:3-6)

A "poet" in her own right, the nun has responded to the Word revealed in her crisis by wording it. To utter the right word is to conceive and give birth to Christ. Her affirmation of the reality of the Incarnation made manifest in the storm became a re-enactment of the Virgin Birth:

For so conceived, so to conceive thee is done;
 But here was heart-throe, birth of a brain,
 Word, that heard and kept thee and uttered thee outright.
(Poems, 28:30:6-8)

This Word, "new born to the world," does not come as a divine "dooms-day dazzle," but naturally, physically, "A released shower, let flash to the shire" (Poems, 28:34:1, 6, 8), who will be Lord of heaven and earth and also, most climactically, Lord of the common things of heart and hearth.

Common things are constantly in the foreground of Hopkins's mind and poetry, because, as has been said earlier, he follows the thread of self down into each individual being, tracing it eventually to the personal core of creativity: Christ. In "God's Grandeur" and "The Starlight Night," for instance, this pattern is suggested.

In the former poem, Hopkins looks with pain and regret at man's extreme subjectivism over against nature, his carelessness, and discovers that:

all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.
(Poems, 31:6-8)

The last image alludes to Moses' encounter with the angel of the Lord on Mt. Horeb ("the mountain of God" Exodus iii:1) where Moses is told to "put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground" (Exodus iii:5). The natural world is the mountain of God, and man's trampling is a heedless sacrilege. The poet, though, "sings things in the light of sacred wholeness, in the light of holiness."³⁶ Looking deeper than surfaces, however soiled, Hopkins's eye sees in nature the ever-present renewing and creative power of Christ: "And for all this, nature is never spent; / There lives the dearest freshness deep down things" (Poems, 31:9-10).

Although the subject of the poem is rather different, "The Starlight Night" follows the same line of perception. The poem collects and arranges a multitude of disparate images from the night sky and earth. They are brought to stand as the walls of a barn whose "piece-bright paling shuts the spouse/ Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows" (Poems, 32:13-14). Nature does not reflect Christ, it embodies him. The logoi of nature incarnate the Logos.

In the famous "Windhover" sonnet all the strands of the hawk's selfhood, particularized in the octave and summarized in line 9

("Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume" (Poems, 36:9), combine deep within the bird and in the poet's perception of him. The combination is almost explosive, and suddenly the holy fire of Logos "breaks from thee then, a billion/ Times told lovelier, more dangerous" (Poems, 36:10-11). And "no wonder of it," for even the most humble things, like ploughed soil and blue-bleak embers, likewise embody the fire of the elemental Inscape; Christ (Poems, 36:12-14).

The vision is not quite so explicit in "The May Magnificat," but the Virgin Mary still sees a plain analogy between her role as Mother of God and "that world of good,/ Nature's motherhood."

Their magnifying of each its kind
With delight calls to mind
How she did in her stored
Magnify the Lord.

(Poems, 42:27-32)

Furthermore, "Spring's universal bliss":

Tells Mary her mirth till Christ's birth
To remember and exultation
In God who was her salvation.

(Poems, 42:34; 46-48)

Nature's beauty and bounty keep Mary in mind of the beauty and love of her child.

Poem number 60 compares Mary "to the Air we Breathe." Her part in God's plan is metaphorically seen as that of the air in relation to the earth: "She, wild web, wondrous robe,/ Mantles the guilty globe."

I say that we are wound
With mercy round and round
As if with air: the same
Is Mary, more by name

If I have understood,
 She holds high motherhood
 Towards all our ghostly good
 And plays in grace her part
 About man's beating heart,
 Laying, like air's fine flood,
 The deathdance in his blood;
Yet no part but what will
Be Christ our Saviour still.

(Poems, 60:34-37, 38-39, 46-54, my italics)

Through Mary's agency, Christ makes "New Nazareths in us . . . morn-
 ing, noon, and eve" (Poems, 60:60, 62), and

. . . born so, comes to be
 New self and nobler me
 In each one and each one
 More makes, when all is done,
 Both God's and Mary's Son.

(Poems, 60:68-72)

And she, because she gave him "womb and breast,/ Birth, milk, and
 all the rest," can make

. . . our daystar
 Much dearer to mankind;
 Whose glory bare would blind
 Or less would win man's mind.
 Through her we may see him
 Made sweeter, not made dim,
 And her hand leaves his light
 Sifted to suit our sight.

(Poems, 60:106-113)

As Christ is found in the world, so Mary is found in the "World-
 mothering air" (Poems, 60:124).

Two years later (1885), another Hopkins sonnet asks and
 answers the question, "To what serves Mortal Beauty?" (Poems, 62).

He acknowledges and takes obvious delight in transient nature's
 "dangerous" attraction; it "does set dancing blood--the O-seal-that-
 so feature, flung prouder form/ Than Purcell tune lets tread to"

(Poems, 62:1-3). He does not, however, shy away from this attraction.

Instead he enjoins us to "Love what are love's worthiest, were all known;/ World's loveliest--men's selves. Self flashes off frame and face" (Poems, 62:10-11). Mortal beauty is a heavenly gift and should be met and owned in the heart.

Even the fearful suffering reflected in Hopkins's sonnets of terror has its roots in the physical immediacy of Christ's Incarnation. His terror comes upon him basically from two quarters: his struggle with Christ and Christ's apparent withdrawal. A dreadful example of the former is "(Carrion Comfort)" (Poems, 64). In the octave Christ is present in nightmarish, bruising immediacy as a monstrous, devouring animal and a gale that rekindles the dying ashes of the poet's suffering. In the sestet, again, the physical immediacy is very evident; Christ wields the rod of discipline, the flail of the threshing floor over the now-joyful body of the poet. He is cheering, but:

Cheer whom though? The hero whose heaven-handling flung
me, ffoot tród
Me? or me that fought him? O which one? is it each one?
That night, that year
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!)
my God.

(Poems, 64:12-14)

The emphasis is once more on the bodily contact between Christ and man: "handling," "flung," "trod," "fought," and "wrestling."

If physical combat with Christ is appalling there is, at least, the joy of knowing that out of it all "my chaff might fly; my grain lie, sheer and clear" (Poems, 64:9). But life outside of Christ's presence is unbearable, meaningless, in fact. In the poems numbered 65, 66, 67, 69, and 74, Hopkins gives terrifying glimpses

into a mind and life whose meaning and significance hangs by the slender, frayed threads of self above the abyss of spiritual extinction. The light of Logos is nowhere to be seen; prayers go unheard and unanswered:

Comforter, where, where is your comforting?
Mary, mother of us, where is your relief?
(Poems, 65:3-4)

Only what word

Wisest my heart breeds dark heaven's baffling ban
Bars or hell's spell thwarts.
(Poems, 66:11-13)

He has reached extremes of despair and confusion in many ways similar to those of King Lear's blinded Gloucester before his absurd but heart-rending "suicide." Gloucester's cliff was in his mind, as was his fall. Like Gloucester, Hopkins knew that:

the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small
Durance deal with that steep or deep.
(Poems, 65:9-12)

But the bitterest agony is not that of mental torment, it is selfhood - "God's most deep decree" (Poems, 67:9). Without Christ, the "dearest freshness deep down things," the self, is a curse that makes its bearer thankful for just one thing: it's worse in Hell:

Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.

Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.
(Poems, 67:11-14)

Finally he realizes that the light of Logos can not be "wrung" from God. He must call his relentless mind off the trail of Logos, letting

it stand, instead, responsively as Logos' light assembles itself "between pie mountains" and "lights a lovely mile" (Poems, 69:14).

Thereafter, Hopkins's perception of the Incarnation becomes increasingly confident until the massive finale "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire" trumpets in unmistakable tones his triumphant faith in the resurrection of the body. Hopkins's dying words were: "I am so very happy."

The Christian is called to be a vessel of God that Christ may be born and live within him as continuation and extension of the Incarnation. J. Hillis Miller says:

The daily re-enactment of the Incarnation on all the altars of Christendom was the manifestation and guarantee of communion Poetry . . . was, in one way or another, modelled on sacramental or scriptural language. The words of the poem incarnated the things they named, just as the words of the Mass shared in the transformation they evoked. The symbols and metaphors of poetry were no mere inventions of the poets Poetry was meaningful in the same way as nature itself--by a communion of the verbal symbols with the reality they named.³⁷

Miller is speaking of religious poetry generally, but his remarks are specifically applicable to Hopkins. Hopkins once said in a sermon, "Christ made God known by appearing in human shape, the Word took flesh and dwelt amongst us; the Holy Ghost makes Christ known by living in his Church, he makes his temple in Christian hearts and dwells within us" (V, 99-100). In his poetry, Hopkins diligently sought to embody the inscape of each being he described in order that the words of the poetry might come as close as possible to embodying the Inscape of the Word made flesh. The First Epistle of St. John speaks of, "that which was from the beginning, which we have heard,

which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life" (I John i:1, my italics).

VII

IS

In his essay on Parmenides, Hopkins wrote: "But indeed I have often felt when I have been in this mood and felt the depth of an instress or how fast the inscape holds a thing that nothing is so pregnant and straightforward to the truth as simple yes and is" (IV, 127). These pregnant, simple words signify two things: affirmation (or response) and being. When the "truth" is concerned only with describing, objectifying, and categorizing things, it is little more than meaningless. An understanding of relations and being (that is, being in continuous relation to beings) is the way to knowledge of God and nature.

Nature is a process of which man and his surrounding world are a part. Man, however, has evolved a manner of thinking and a means of communication that is unnatural. When man feels that he is superior to other things, he forgets he is a natural being, and imposes himself upon nature. For instance, the languages of man evolved from the way he thinks and feels. More recently, with the discovery of the scientific method man's thinking changed drastically. His folly has been his belief that his language works in the same way that nature works. But nature is not logical in the way man's thinking and language are logical. Man separates and divides things

in his thinking so that he can describe and explain them in his language. Nature is non-divisible; it is a process, and one cannot describe any one thing in it without describing everything else that is a part of its belonging-field. The more one isolates a thing in nature, so as to describe its function, the more one has to describe the functions and characteristics of the thing's environment. Even then one could never hope to be able to fully describe anything meaningfully. Nature works as a totally integrated process. Man's thoughts come from the apprehension of opposites, and because his mode of thinking is divisive, he forgets that opposites are just poles of the same thing or process. Nature is transitory; the patterns shift and change. There is no stability; everything is in a state of flux. One thing flows out; another flows in to fill the space thus recreated. All natural change is a form of compensation and must be for the furtherment of the natural process, even though these changes may seem to be to the detriment of mankind. The fundamental concept that results from the transitory characteristic of nature is the concept of life and death. This gives rise to the whole range of natural opposites. It must be remembered that even the concept of natural opposites is out of context if it is thought of as being an isolated part of the process. The process takes all concepts and interrelates them in a more "natural" order.

Martin Buber stresses throughout I and Thou the importance of recognizing the relations between things in nature. Buber emphasizes that if a thing is conceptualized (that is to say, categorized by man) it loses its important qualities. A great deal of the trouble

with respect to man's view of God is that He has been conceptualized, described, put in His place; now that He is there we do not have to think about Him any longer. But to the truly "spiritual," God is Thou, and, as Buber explains, is therefore indescribable. One cannot think one's way into an I-Thou relationship because the relation is a feeling in whose wake the thinking mind is lost.

The critical juncture in Buber's I-Thou philosophy is his definition of "I." The "I" in an I-Thou relationship is not separated from Thou and therefore does not exist as a separate thing; rather I shares the parlance of being of Thou. In an I-It relationship the I is a separate thing from It, and It is not a Thou just because I stands back and thinks about It. I and Thou become one another, or so it seems to I, whereas I and It are in opposition. Thinking man has lost sight of the fact that he is as much a part of the natural process as an orange, an ape, or a planet. He feels himself a creature separate from a world of creatures, alienated and alone even in the midst of his fellow men.

Buber's two "primary words," I-Thou and I-It, intimate relationships instead of things, and, being spoken, bring about the existence of relationships which could not exist independently of the uttered primary words. Man's attitude to the world is twofold, then, depending upon which of the two primary words is uttered. "When Thou is spoken," says Buber, "the speaker has no thing for his object. For where there is a thing there is another thing. Every It is bounded by others; It exists only through being bounded by others. But when Thou is spoken, there is no thing. Thou has no bounds."¹

The I-Thou relationship is that of the poet with the world. Everything in that world is seen not merely as an object - an It - but as Thou. Buber supplies an example:

I consider a tree.

I can look on it as a picture: stiff column in a shock of light, or splash of green shot with the delicate blue and silver of the background.

I can perceive it as movement: flowing veins on clinging, pressing pith, suck of the roots, breathing of the leaves, ceaseless commerce with earth and air - and the obscure growth itself.

I can classify it in a species and study it as a type in its structure and mode of life.

I can subdue its actual presence and form so sternly that I recognize it only as an expression of law

In all this the tree remains my object, occupies space and time, and has its nature and constitution.

It can, however, also come about . . . that in considering the tree I become bound up in relation to it. The tree is now no longer It. I have been seized by the power of exclusiveness.

To effect this it is not necessary for me to give up any of the ways in which I consider the tree Rather is everything, picture and movement, species and type, law and number, indivisibly united in this event.

Everything belonging to the tree is in this: its form and structure, its colours and chemical composition, its intercourse with the elements and with the stars, are all present in a single whole.

The tree is no impression, no play of my imagination, no value depending on my mood; but it is bodied over against me and has to do with me, as I with it.²

The pivot of metaphor is the word of being, "is." Metaphor expresses analogy, and therefore metaphor is a figure of relationship; it is an I-Thou word. Analogy is the essence of metaphor as it is of poetry. The energy of poetry is not to be found in its content, which will never be new; nor in its form, which will never alone provide dynamism; nor even in that perfect marriage of content and form that the greatest poets have striven to achieve. The power of poetry is always to be found in its successful thrust of analogy and relationship, a resonating exchange of energy that makes the old and

the traditional and the elemental change into something rich and strange.

In everyday language the common speech is strewn with secondary metaphors that have become so corroded with use as to be undistinguishable. Ideas dawn upon us as time rolls by. We seethe with anger and thrill with delight and dissolve into mirth. The wind whispers in the trees, the stars dance overhead as we pursue our goals in every walk of life. The list of cliché metaphors could continue indefinitely.

But the poet, of all men, is the one who refuses to use words carelessly. He is the one who expands and intensifies his experiences by expressing resonant relationships in new ways. His mind is stored with memories, alliances, and affiliations. With the power that Coleridge called "the streamy nature of association" he blends these together in infinite variety. Even Aristotle said that metaphor was essential to poetry, and was the one thing that the poet could not be taught. It is the perception of similarities between dissimilar subjects, that is relationship, which constitutes the power of the poet's disclosure of being. "There is nothing lucky or capricious in these analogies," according to Emerson, "but that they are constant, and pervade nature. These are not the dreams of a few poets, here and there, but man is an analogist, and studies relations in all objects. He is placed in the centre of beings, and a ray of relation passes from every other being to him. And neither can man be understood without these objects nor these objects without man."⁴ Robert Boyle explains metaphor this way: "Metaphor, which is far

more a specifically poetic proposition than is simile, states identity rather than comparison The predicate noun of the metaphorical proposition is seen as existing in the being. The being, note, is not expressed by the noun alone, but by the subject plus 'is'."⁵ Put another way, metaphor does not imply mere comparison, it takes connotations and brings them to life. A metaphor is a miniature poem. When used in a metaphor, words, says Stanley Burnshaw, "possessed more than the evocative force of which earlier poets were aware. As vehicles of the new method of discovery, they had the power to recreate reality."⁶ Simile invites comparison ("X is like Y is") and is consequently a mode of thinking quite acceptable to logic. In metaphor, the predicate noun, because of the verb "is," is made to share the existence of the subject; a fusion takes place. Robert Boyle says, "To a mind which prefers the clarity and order of concept, simile is the natural expression. To a mind which hungers for the reality of being, even involved as being is in the darkness of unintelligibility, mystery, and confusion, metaphor is the natural expression."⁷

Language itself, if its many words are traced back to their roots, reveals itself as an archeological treasure-tomb of broken, corroded, and petrified metaphors. A great majority of our words referred, in their nativity, to either some tangible object, or some human activity. This suggests that it is metaphor that originally infuses language with meaning. It follows, then, that it is metaphor that brings poetry to life and gives it meaning. Emerson's "rays of relation" emanate from a being or an experience, and the poet, finding

himself caught in those rays as well as similar rays from another being or experience, perceives the analogical focus of those rays in himself and forever joins them with the metaphorical "is." For example, seeing a falcon in flight, Hopkins says:

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in
his riding

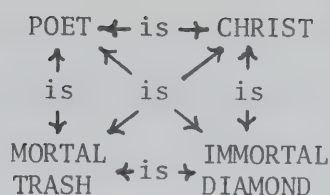
(Poems, 36:1-2)

Falcon-being is now overwhelmingly enriched by Hopkins's poetic smith-work. He has forged strong links of being, "stems of stress" (IV: 127), to join bird and chivalry. In "Binsey Poplars," the leafy branches "whose airy cages quelled,/ Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun" (Poems, 43:1-2) have been destroyed forever. The earthbound cages can no longer bring the joyful sun out of its place in the heavens to dance, airily imprisoned, for man's delight. The metaphor reveals that a link between heaven and earth has been shamefully broken. Only metaphor could have done this with such subtle power. There is even a temptation to read here a pun: "sun-Son." Perhaps to do so in this poem is rather presumptuous, but the reader should consider the bold exchange of metaphorical energy taking place in the closing lines of "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire":

I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am, and
This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, immortal
diamond,

Is immortal diamond.

(Poems, 72:22-24)



The metaphor resonates in all directions, and again the logos stands revealed in physis, creature and Creator are one. "Man-made things, as well as natural things, primarily originate in our responding legein to that which is laid or assembled by logos."⁸

In fact, to say is to make metaphor. "A word ultimately sets a being back into Being and thus preserves it in the openness of Being."⁹ Saying or caretaking is the basis of man's relationship to a world of beings; "nothing is so pregnant and straightforward to the truth [aletheia] as simple yes and is." The poet's word is the primary word, standing at the beginning of the language and at the portals of meaning, because he is aware of logos - the fundamental language - and lets it appear in his works. Heidegger insists that "the truth has to be continuously re-uncovered and gained by fighting against seemingness."¹⁰ With its prepositions "like" and "as" simile is the sound of seemingness; metaphor says "is," "I am."

In an essay, "The Origin of our Moral Ideas," written in 1865, the twenty-one year old Hopkins said that we strive, in art, "to realise not only unity, permanence of law, likeness, but also, with it, difference, variety, contrast: it is rhyme we like, not echo, and not unison but harmony. But in morality the highest consistency is the highest excellence. The reason of this seems to be that the desire of unity is prior to that of difference and whereas in art

both are in our power, in moral action our utmost efforts never result in its perfect realisation, in perfect consistency" (IV, 83). It is significant that Hopkins approached the task of ordering his universe both as a moralist and as an artist. All cared-for things in their infinite variety harmonized around the grandeur of God and the singular Inscape of Christ assembled in them.

The artist's agent is metaphor. In the majority of his poems, and especially at the crucial moments in those poems, Hopkins suppresses anything remotely suggestive of simile, and even the term symbol has to be applied with a realization that for Hopkins the spiritual symbol shares the energy of the reality it represents. From "The Wreck of the Deutschland" to "To R.B." Hopkins's poetry rings with metaphor:

I am soft sift
In an hourglass.

(Poems, 28:4:1-2)

Thou art lightning and love, I found it, a winter and warm.
(Poems, 28:9:6)

In thy sight
Storm flakes were scroll-leaved flowers, lily showers--sweet
heaven was astrew in them.

(Poems, 28:21:7-8)

[Christ] Our passion-plungèd giant risen,
(Poems, 28:33:7)

Left hand, off land, I hear the lark ascend,
His rash-fresh re-winded new-skeined score
In crisps of curl off wild winch whirl, and pour
And pelt music, till none's to spill nor spend.
(Poems, 35:5-8)

And the azurous hung hills are his world-wielding shoulder
Majestic.

(Poems, 38:9-10)

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame.

(Poems, 57:1)

Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;

Not untwist--slack they may be--these last strands of man

In me or, most weary, cry I can no more. I can;

Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.

(Poems, 64:1-4)

When asked for his name, God answered Moses by saying, Yahweh,

"I AM THAT I AM" (Exodus iii:14). He identified himself with himself

and thereby asserted that he is the end of metaphor, the ultimate

source of all metaphorical energy, the Logos whom all other words

strive to assemble: "Ground of being, and granite of it: past all/

Grasp God" (Poems, 28:32:6). In Hopkins's universe, I AM resonates

in all creation. Like the sap in trees and the fragrance of the

flowers: "Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:/ Deals out

that being indoors each one dwells" (Poems, 57:5-6); that being is

I AM.

CONCLUSION

[Christ was] the first intention then of God outside himself.
(V, 197)

For the phenomenal world (and the distinction between men or subjects and the things without them is unimportant in Parmenides . . .) is the brink, limbus, lapping, run-and-mingle of two principles which meet in the scape of everything.

(IV, 130)

The world is the word of God. Creation shows forth the Trinity. Poetry, in the physis of its language, can fashion a clearing in the flux of beings in which Logos will stand revealed. The centrality of the Incarnation to Hopkins's thinking prevented his seeing a division between the world and the word. "The Incarnation," according to Robert Andreach, "is the matrix from which all of Hopkins's mature poetry originates."¹ Both creature and scripture are inextricably merged, fused, in the transubstantiation of the Logos who became flesh and dwelt among finite beings. "The miracle of the Incarnation," in the words of J. Hillis Miller, "brought God back to earth The daily re-enactment of the Incarnation on all the altars of Christendom was the manifestation and guarantee of communion. God, man, nature, and language participated in each other and were at one in the Eucharist."² In Jesus, message and person are one. In Hopkins, the two great books of Nature and Scripture found a spokesman "to name and praise" (V, 129) God, a spokesman who did more than merely balance their respective claims to reverent

attention. Through Christ, Hopkins affirmed their unification, the simultaneity of matter and spirit. "Without [the Incarnation] even outwardly the world could be so different that we cannot even guess it" (V, 263).

Earlier in this study I stressed, historically, the trend to seek revelation in one or both of the two metaphorical "Books." It has now become apparent that the problem of a balanced view of each book does not depend so much on the fact that Scripture and Nature were being forced apart by increasingly secular and rationalistic men. Instead, as the eighteenth-century passed, man, in the intensity of the compelling force of his new-found scientific methods, his "objectivity," was holding himself aloof from both great texts, hoping by analysis of his "subjects" to arrive at a better understanding of Truth itself. Some Romantics and Transcendentalists tried to remedy this alienation from Nature, but, of course, they rejected the book of Scripture. Nevertheless, Victorian science, common sense, and progress, coupled with an increasingly Philistine and powerful middle-class, soon displayed a tendency to vulgarize even the noblest arts and sciences. Ruskin's insistence on "innocence of eye,"³ started a movement back to the concrete, precise, details of natural phenomena, and this drift was first adopted and then deflected by the Pre-Raphaelites and the Aesthetes into a world of indolent beauty. It was an insubstantial world where style and execution became more important than fidelity to substance and waking reality. Religion fascinated these writers and painters, but again they only held to its images, letting the substance go.

The momentarily talented Hopkins found himself in this milieu. His journals, his letters, and, most stunning, his poems display a continuing care and reverence for the details, beauties, and inscapes of nature. These poems release a bursting energy that explodes quite outside the langour of Pre-Raphaelitism and Aestheticism, whose works generate more warmth than light. Hopkins was utterly candid and unequivocal in announcing his perception of the Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in nature. Their presence was there as naturally as weeds in the springtime or sunrise in the morning. "As we drove home the stars came out thick: I leant back to look at them and my heart opening more than usual praised our Lord to and in whom all that beauty comes home" (IV, 254).

Looking at Hopkins's sermons and meditations (and recalling that he was a Greek scholar), one can readily see a scriptural basis for his entire life. His poems are also shot through with the weft of scriptural allusion. It is worth taking the time to remark more specifically the careful use Hopkins makes of Scripture in his various writings, and most particularly in his poetry.

Of the twenty-six sermons we have available to us, nineteen are based firmly on texts from the gospels, two on texts from the Pauline epistles, and five are topical sermons, laced with scripture, regarding holy feast days (the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and the Feast of the Sacred Heart, for example). His sermons are, as one might expect given Hopkins's care to re-create a tangible sense of place in his poems, remarkable for their fine, often homely, detail and their metaphorical but methodical examination of a Biblical

text. A sermon on Matthew ix:18-26, the healing of Jairus' daughter and the woman with the issue of blood, begins: "In this Gospel two miracles, not one after the other, but first the beginning of one, then the other, then the first; as when you drive a quill or straw or knitting needle through an egg, it pierces first the white, then the yolk, then the white again" (V, 30). The sermon previous to the one just cited explains Mary's role in the giving of God's grace: "Like blue sky, which for all its richness of colour does not stain the sunlight, though smoke and red clouds do, so God's graces come to us unchanged but all through her" (V, 29). As an example of Hopkins's determined exegesis of a text, the Liverpool sermon on John xvi:5-14 is drawn to the reader's attention. The sermon is based on a particularly difficult text, the central passage of which reads: "And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: of sin, because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged" (John xvi:8-11). Hopkins organizes the sermon around three points: a thorough definition of the term "Paraclete"; proof that Christ was the first Paraclete and the Holy Ghost the second; and an explanation of what the Paraclete has to do with respect to sin, justice, and judgment. He endeavours "to bring out Christ's meaning in that Gospel And that, brethren, is no easy task" (V, 69). One must be impressed by the thoroughness of his preparation, which was so detailed that time ran out before he had space to do more than penetrate the core of the text - the body of the text remains

virtually unexamined. Near the end of this sermon, though, we find such passages as the one which describes the presence of the Holy Spirit as he cheered the disciples on "by his presence, his power, his breath and fire and inspiration from within His mighty breath ran with roaring in their ears, his fire flamed in tongues upon their foreheads, and their hearts and lips were filled with himself" (V, 75). Again the reader is reminded that it was in this sermon that Hopkins called the study of scripture "the holiest of all kinds of learning" (V, 69).

One expects a considerable Biblical base for sermon-literature, however. Furthermore, Hopkins's use of the Bible in his sermons is thorough but predictable; that is, a Biblical text is the subject of the discussion and is therefore always in the foreground. It is when we turn to the poetry that we find a more subtle Biblical allusiveness. References to Holy Writ in the poetry become, not subject-matter, but organic decoration. "Decoration," because the poems would work (I am of course speaking generally) without the allusions; "organic," because those allusions add dimensions that are, once recognized, indispensable. "Binsey Poplars" is a poem of grief, a cry for loss of prized natural beauty. It also warns the reader against ignorant abuse of nature:

O if we but knew what we do
 When we delve or hew--
 Hack and rack the growing green!

(Poems, 43:9-10)

The "message" is utterly clear in the poem; it becomes terrible crystal when the reader hears the echo of Christ's words on the cross:

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" (Luke xxiii: 34). Is it Christ's body we "hack and rack"? The tone of a poem like "Carrion Comfort" becomes more universal in scope when the reader recognizes in it the tone and the imagery of the apocalyptic visions of prophets like Daniel ("lay a lionlimb against me" Poems, 64:6) and Ezekiel ("scan/ With darksome devouring eyes my bruised bones" Poems, 64:6-7). In the end, the poet recalls Jacob's bout with the angel (Genesis xxxii:24-32) as he "lay wrestling with (my God!) my God" (Poems, 64:14). In fact, it is interesting to note that Hopkins's last poems (Poems, 61, "Spelt from Sybil's Leaves," onward) draw more imagery from apocalyptic vision and from the Old Testament than they do from the more grace-full writings of the New Testament. "Sybil's Leaves," for example, says: "lét life . . . / . . . párt, pen, páck / Now her áll in twó flocks, twó folds" (Poems, 61:10, 11-12). This is clearly a direct allusion to Judgment Day (the entire poem draws upon the imagery of the Dies Irae):

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.
(Matthew xxv:31-33)

This is a quotation from the gospels, but the tone is rather that of the sterner Old Testament. The sestet of "I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day" (Poems, 67), including the lines "God's most deep decree / Bitter would have me taste" (Poems, 67:9-10), readily recalls the patient suffering of Job at the hand of his God - in fact it may be no mere coincidence that the next poem is "Patience, hard

thing!" (Poems, 68). Given the depths of Hopkins's suffering at this time (probably 1885), one can readily imagine the poet's feeling a parallel between his own state - "this Jack, joke, poor potsherd" (Poems, 72:22) - and that of Job who was wont to take "a potsherd to scrape" (Job ii:8) his loathesome boils as he sat among the ashes ("Why wouldst thou . . . / . . . fan, / O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me frantic to avoid thee and flee?" Poems, 64:5, 7-8).

One is able to see a ready analogue, perhaps even another identification, when the first nine lines of "Thou art indeed just, Lord" (Poems, 74) are placed side by side with Jeremiah xii:1-3:

Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend	Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee:
With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just.	Yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments:
Why do sinners' ways prosper, and why must	Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper?
Disappointment all I endeavour end?	Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously?
Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,	Thou hast planted them, yea, they have taken root:
How wouldst thou worse, I wonder than thou dost	They grow, yea, they bring forth fruit:
Defeat, thwart me? Oh, the sots and thralls of lust	Thou art near in their mouth, and far from their reins.
Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,	But thou, O Lord, knowest me: thou hast seen me, and tried
Sir, life upon thy cause.	Mine heart toward thee.

Jeremiah goes on to beg the Lord to uproot and slaughter the evil ones; Hopkins, always gentle with others and harsh only on himself, quietly prays "send my roots rain."

It is more true of the bulk of Hopkins's poetry, though, that the scriptural allusion, not to mention the being of the poet himself, is steadied by the pressure of the gospel gift (see Poems, 28:4:5-8)

rather than the stress of the Old Covenant. The New Testament is crucial to the pattern and fabric of "The Wreck of the Deutschland." Although the scriptural references themselves, when isolated, do not appear to constitute any sort of substructure in that poem, they become integral to the passages in which they appear. The last lines of stanza 8 stress the compelling power of the Christ-event:

Hither then, last or first,
 To hero of Calvary, Christ,'s feet--
 Never ask if meaning it, wanting it, warned of it--men go.
 (Poems, 28:8:6-8)

A well-known passage from Paul's epistle to the Philippians (ii:10-11) reinforces the poem and says that "at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Paul spoke from experience because he was one of those converted "once at a crash" (Poems, 28:10:5). Later in the poem, Hopkins grieves over the fifty people drowned in the wreck because they were, "O Father, not under thy feathers" (Poems, 28:12:5). Christ wept over his beloved city saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" (Matthew xxiii:37). But there were those, like the nuns, who had been "before-time-taken, dearest prized and priced" (Poems, 28:22:6) just as their Saviour "the price of him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel did value" (Matthew xxvii:9). Their leader, the tall nun, had a "single" eye (cf. Matthew vi:22 and Luke xi:34) and she heard, kept, and uttered

the Word, "new born to the world" (Poems, 28:34:1). Her analogue, the Virgin Mary, is twice described in the Gospel of Luke as keeping rare truths about her Son "in her heart" (see Luke ii:19 and 51). Later, when Christ was grown, an anonymous woman spoke out from a crowd, "'Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked!' But he said, 'Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it'" (Luke xi:27-28). As "The Wreck of the Deutschland" approaches conclusion, the allusions become more cosmic in scope, calling to mind the Flood and Noah's salvation aboard the ark (Poems, 28:32:1-2 and 28:33:1-3). When the Lord spoke to Job out of the whirlwind he asked:

Who shut up the sea with doors,
 when it brake forth, as if it had
 issued out of the womb?
 When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
 and thick darkness a swaddlingband
 for it,
 And brake up for it my decreed place,
 and set bars and doors,
 And said, Hitherto shalt thou come,
 but no further: and here shall thy
 proud waves be stayed?

(Job xxxviii:8-11)

Hopkins praises Christ as:

 master of the tides, . . .
 The recurb and the recovery of the gulf's sides,
 The girth of it and the wharf of it and the wall.
(Poems, 28:32:1, 3-4)

Hopkins's first major poetic achievement, in addition to its triumphs of structure and technique, shows clear evidence of the intertwining of his craft of poetry and his devotion for scripture.

Other poems call direct and obvious attention to scriptural antecedents. "The Candle Indoors" (Poems, 46) refers transparently

to Christ's homilies regarding motes and beams in the eye (Matthew vii:5) and the tasteless salt which is cast onto the dunghheap (Matthew v:13). "The Starlight Night" (Poems, 32) centres on Christ's image of the granary housing a bountiful harvest (Matthew xiii:24-30), and "The Golden Echo" (Poems, 59), in line 21, makes an allusion recognizable to any child: "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered" (Matthew x:30).

The reader is directed, finally, to the images that conclude the octave and the sestet of "God's Grandeur": "the soil / Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod"; "the Holy Ghost over the bent / World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings" (Poems, 31: 7-8, 13-14). Hopkins insists, in this poem, on reverence for the theophany of earth and God's creatures. Man, of course, is heedless. The poem plainly invokes the angel of the Lord and his injunction to Moses: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground" (Exodus iii:5). But despite man's carelessness, the brooding Holy Ghost ensures the vitality of creation just as "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" (Genesis i:2) in the pre-creative chaos. Furthermore, the Son of God, like the sun of the morning, has warmed the earth by his Incarnation, has died, and has risen again over "the brown brink eastward" (Poems, 31:12).

The pre-eminence of the Incarnation obliged Hopkins to hold both the written word of Scripture and the created word of Nature in high esteem. In fact, even his metaphors often have two subjects and two predicates expressed or implied. "The Windhover," for

example, says the falcon is a chevalier is Christ. The verb "is" becomes the "stem of stress" (IV, 127) carrying identity from earth to heaven. In his concern for wholeness, in the clear authority of both the book of Works and the book of Words in his life, it is significant that Hopkins looked back, beyond the Pre-Raphaelites, the Romantics, and the centuries preceding them, to Scotus the eccentric. He looked past Plato to Parmenides, Heraclitus, and a time when word, world, and man shared in Being and "nothing [was] so pregnant and straightforward to the truth as simple yes and is" (IV, 127).

FOOTNOTES

Introduction:

¹American Tradition, 1307.

²This study will refer to the five volumes of the Hopkins papers by Roman numerals, which are to be understood as follows:

I The Letters . . . to Robert Bridges.

II The Correspondence of . . . Richard Watson Dixon.

III Further Letters

IV The Journals and Papers

V The Sermons and Devotional Writings

Hopkins's poems will be cited by number, stanza (if necessary), and line, in accord with Gardner and MacKenzie's 1967 Fourth Edition of the Poems.

³Hough, Last Romantics, 6.

⁴Ibid., 46.

⁵Heath-Stubbs, Darkling, 157-58.

⁶Charlesworth, Passage, 5.

⁷Hough, xvi.

⁸Ibid., xvi-xvii.

⁹Heath-Stubbs, 154.

¹⁰Ibid., 144.

Chapter I:

¹Beryl Smalley, Study of the Bible in Middle Ages. London, Oxford University Press: 1952. Quoted in McLuhan, Gutenberg, 52.

²Robbins, Hexaemeral, 1.

³Ibid., 3.

⁴Ibid., 3-4.

⁵Ibid., 15-16.

⁶Ibid., 41.

⁷Basil quoted by Robbins, 44.

⁸Robbins, 65.

⁹Ibid., 73.

¹⁰Ibid., 74-5, my italics.

¹¹Paradise Lost, VIII, 1. 67.

¹²John Dove, A Confvtation of Atheism, 1605, 41.

¹³Paradise Lost, VIII, 11. 172-74.

¹⁴Operum Theologicorum, Geneva, 1613, Tome III.

¹⁵Williams, Common, 174-75.

¹⁶I rely heavily on Williams here because in the British Museum no copy of Rivetus' Theologicae et scholasticae exercitationes centum nonaginta in Genesin (1633) was available. Furthermore, the B.M. held no English translations of: Mersenne's Questiones celeberrimae in Genesin (1623); Pareus' In Genesin Mosis commentarius (1609); or Peresius' Commentariorum et disputationem in Genesin (1601).

¹⁷Williams, 175.

¹⁸Paradise Lost, VII, 11. 162-64; cf. also III, 11. 383-92.

¹⁹VII, 11. 551-57; cf. also V, 11. 574-77.

²⁰VIII, 11. 66-69.

²¹VIII, 11. 273-77.

²²VIII, 11. 280-82.

²³VIII, 11. 316-18, my italics.

²⁴Milton, "A Posthumous Treatise on the Christian Doctrine . . . ," Book I, Ch. ii, pp. 904-05 in Hughes' edition. My italics.

²⁵VIII, 11. 586-94.

²⁶IX, 11. 279-80, my italics.

²⁷X, 11. 1121-1131; cf. also XII, 11. 78-95.

²⁸X, 11. 201-204.

²⁹Williams, 258.

³⁰Ibid., 264.

³¹Ibid., 266-67.

³²Browne, Religio, 27.

³³Ibid., 32-33.

³⁴Ibid., 34-35.

³⁵Ibid., 30.

³⁶Ibid., 35.

³⁷Spinoza, Treatise, 9.

³⁸Ibid., 195.

³⁹Ibid., 197.

⁴⁰Ibid., 90.

⁴¹Spinoza, Ethics, I, xv-xvi.

⁴²Wolf, Correspondence, Letter XXI.

⁴³Pope, Essay on Man, I, 11. 267-68; 279-80.

⁴⁴I, 11. 17-22.

⁴⁵I, 11. 77-80.

⁴⁶I, 1. 92.

⁴⁷I, 11. 99-104; 109-110.

⁴⁸I, 11. 233-41.

⁴⁹I, 11. 289-94. Note that here Pope employs semantic shifts to carry his whole argument.

⁵⁰II, 11. 19-30.

⁵¹See III, 11. 171-198.

⁵²III, ll. 317-18.

⁵³IV, ll. 393-98.

⁵⁴Duff, History, 122.

⁵⁵Recluse, "Prospectus," l. 58.

⁵⁶"Tintern Abbey," ll. 4-16, my italics.

⁵⁷Recluse, "Prospectus," ll. 47-55.

⁵⁸Ibid., ll. 63, 65-66.

⁵⁹Wordsworth, The Prelude, V, ll. 11-18; 30-37.

⁶⁰V, ll. 86-92.

⁶¹V, ll. 94-96.

⁶²V, ll. 161-69.

⁶³V, ll. 218-19.

⁶⁴V, ll. 219-22.

⁶⁵"The Tables Turned," St. 3-8.

⁶⁶"Tintern Abbey," ll. 97-102.

⁶⁷Prelude, XIII, l. 172.

⁶⁸VII, ll. 740-43; 750-61.

⁶⁹Emerson, "Nature," 3.

⁷⁰Ibid., 21.

⁷¹Emerson writes: "One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown" ("Nature," 5).

"Standing on the bare ground - my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space, - all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God" ("Nature," 8).

⁷²Carlyle, Sartor, 74.

⁷³Ibid., 77.

⁷⁴Ibid., 142.

⁷⁵Heath-Stubbs, Darkling, 122.

⁷⁶Ibid.

⁷⁷Jennings, "The Unity of the Incarnation," Dublin Review,
172.

Chapter II:

¹See Chapter VI below.

²Dodd, Fourth Gospel, 263.

³Copleston, History, I, 506.

⁴Aulén, Christus Victor, 21.

⁵Ibid.

⁶Ibid., 16-17.

⁷Ibid., 21.

⁸Bettenson, Documents, 42.

⁹Dodd, 267, my italics.

¹⁰Ibid.

¹¹Ibid., 296.

¹²Ibid., 295.

¹³Vycinas, Earth and Gods, 33.

¹⁴Ibid., 51.

¹⁵Ibid., 75.

¹⁶Ibid., 98.

¹⁷Vycinas quotes Heidegger's Über den Humanismus, Frankfurt
a. M. : V. Klostermann, 1949, p. 37.

¹⁸Vycinas, 100-01.

¹⁹Ibid., 98-99.

²⁰Jeans, Mysterious, 127-28.

²¹Ibid., 141.

²²Ibid., 149.

²³Vycinas, 143.

²⁴Dodd, 267.

²⁵Ibid., 285.

²⁶Ibid., 267.

²⁷Vycinas, 18-19.

²⁸Ibid., 20.

²⁹Ibid., 51.

³⁰Ibid., 74.

³¹Vycinas quotes Heidegger's Holzwege, Frankfurt a. M. : V. Klostermann, 1950, p. 325.

³²Vycinas, 78, my italics.

³³Vycinas quotes Heraclitus' Fragment 53 in Kathleen Freeman (ed.) Ancilla to Pre-Socratic Philosophers. Oxford, Blackwell, 1952.

³⁴Vycinas, 83-84.

³⁵Ibid., 147-48.

³⁶See Brunner's Christian Doctrine, 267.

³⁷Brunner, Revelation, 86.

³⁸Brunner, Christian Doctrine, 29.

³⁹Ibid., 8.

⁴⁰Ibid., 29.

⁴¹Ibid., 7-8.

⁴²Ibid., 14.

⁴³Tillich, Systematic, I, 123.

Chapter III:

¹Standard Oil Company. National Geographic Magazine, CXXXVI: 2, August, 1969, pp. 150-51.

²The Boeing Company. Saturday Review, May 1, 1971, p. 58.

³Vanishing Point, 49.

⁴Vycinas, Earth and Gods, 150.

⁵Ibid., 83.

⁶Ibid.

⁷Legein is the present active infinitive of the Greek verb lego, whose meanings are listed in Harper's Analytical Greek Lexicon in this order: "To lay, to arrange, to gather; to say" (p. 248). In this context it is also interesting to note three of the many senses of the verb "to pitch": (a) "To put (anything) in a fixed or definite place or position, so as to stand, lie, or remain firmly or permanently" (O.E.D.). (b) "To set in order, arrange, determine; to fix the order, position, rate, price, or pitch of" (O.E.D.). (c) "To cast, throw, or fling forward; . . . to throw (a thing) underhand so that it may fall and rest on a particular spot" (O.E.D.). Given the importance of "pitch" for Hopkins, (cf. V, 122-128; 146-159, and Poems, 65), the overlap in the meanings of legein and "pitch" can be seen as reinforcing my point.

⁸Heidegger, Way to Language, 126.

⁹Vycinas, 85-86.

¹⁰"There is No Natural Religion," p. 147 in Keynes's edition.

¹¹Barfield, Diction, 131-32.

¹²Heidegger, Way to Language, 126.

¹³Ibid., 87-88.

¹⁴See Journals and Papers, pp. 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 25, 31, 36, 44, 46, and 47 for examples of such lists compiled in two years, 1863-64.

¹⁵See Alan Ward's excellent essay and notes in Journals and Papers, pp. 499-527.

¹⁶Vycinas, 49.

¹⁷Heidegger, Being and Time, 129.

¹⁸A "scape" is an image or design, such as the after-impression left on the retina after a flash of lightning (cf. IV, 125; 233-34).

¹⁹Boyle, Metaphor, 191.

²⁰Smith; A Dictionary, 214.

²¹

On ear and ear two noises too old to end
Trench--right, the tide that ramps against the shore;
With a flood or a fall, low lull-off or all roar,
Frequenting there while moon shall wear and wend.

Left hand, off land, I hear the lark ascend,
His rash-fresh re-winded new-skeinèd score
In crisps of curl off wild winch whirl, and pour
And pelt music, till none's to spill nor spend.
(*"The Sea and the Skylark,"* 11. 1-8)

²²Shelley, "Defense of Poetry" in Four Ages, 32.

²³Writing to Baillie in 1867 Hopkins said of Pro-metheus Unbound that he "admired it extremely," but " . . . there is a real fault in the diction though, which Swinburne's Atalanta too had: it is too full of untos and there-afters and -eths, an ineffective archaism reminding one of translations from the classics" (III, 229). To Patmore in 1883 he said, "I look on archaism as a blight" (III, 296), and to Bridges in 1888, "Gouty rhymes to Doughty. Since you speak so highly of his book I must try to see it: . . . You say it is free from the taint of Victorian English. H'm. Is it free from the taint of Elizabethan English? Does it not stink of that? for the sweetest flesh turns to corruption. Is not Elizabeth English a corpse these centuries? No one admires, regrets, despairs over the death of the style, the living masculine native rhetoric of that age, more than I do; but 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.' He writes in it, I understand, because it is manly. At any rate affectation is not manly, and to write in an obsolete style is affectation" (I, 283-84).

²⁴Barfield, 63-64.

²⁵The third edition of Hopkins's poems reprints Bridges' Preface in full, pp. 202-09.

²⁶Heidegger, Way to Language, 98.

²⁷McChesney, Commentary, 36.

²⁸The qualities of sound and sensuousness that have been noted in certain extracts may, by their startling combinations, have an effect on the reader which is analogous to that described in this remarkable speculation from Hopkins's journals: ". . . Neither the weight nor the stress of sorrow, that is to say of the thing which could cause sorrow, by themselves move us or bring the tears as a sharp knife does not cut for being pressed as long as it is pressed without any shaking of the hand but there is always one touch, something striking sideways and unlooked for, which in both cases undoes resistance and pierces, and this may be so delicate that the pathos seems to have gone directly to the body and cleared the understanding in its passage. On the other hand the pathetic touch by itself, as in dramatic pathos, will only draw slight tears if its matter is not important or not of import to us, the strong emotion coming from a force which was gathered before it was discharged: in this way a knife may pierce the flesh which it had happened only to graze and only grazing will go no deeper" (IV, 195).

²⁹Croce, Philosophy of Vico, 48.

³⁰Vycinas, 40-41.

³¹Ibid., 33.

³²Ibid.

³³Ibid., 212.

³⁴Ibid., 280-82.

³⁵Steiner, Language and Silence, 40.

Chapter IV:

¹"Poetry," 310.

²Sartor, 158.

³See above, Chapter III, 57-58.

⁴See above, Chapter II, 42-45.

⁵Rage for Order, 57.

⁶Criterion, XVI, 698-99.

⁷Schneider, Dragon, 13.

⁸See above, Chapter III, f.n. 28.

⁹See Hopkins's poem on Margaret Clitheroe, the woman of York who was martyred in 1586 by being pressed to death with stones. (Poems, 145).

¹⁰Vycinas, Earth and Gods, 44. Also see Chapter III, note 7.

¹¹Ibid., 45-46.

¹²Vycinas quotes Heidegger's Kant und das Problem der Metaphysik, Frankfurt a. M., Klostermann, 1951, 212 on page 46 of his book.

¹³The quotation continues with observations that harken back to my earlier remarks about twisting and untwisting: ". . . lion and lioness's paws outlined and threaded round by a touch of fur or what not, as one sees it in cats - very true broad realism" (IV, 242).

¹⁴Eliot, "Burnt Norton," ll. 139-43.

¹⁵Heidegger, Way to Language, 108.

¹⁶Vycinas, 81.

¹⁷Referring to Duns Scotus, Hopkins said he was "of realty the rarest-veined unraveller" (Poems, 44:12).

¹⁸Beauty of instress is also a harvest: "I walk, I lift up heart, eyes,/ Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour" (Poems, 38:5-6).

¹⁹See above, Chapter III, p. 75.

²⁰Vycinas, 287-88.

²¹Poems, 61, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 72(?), 74.

²²See Poems, 32, 35, 36, 43, 44, and 61.

²³Vycinas, 284.

Chapter V:

¹"Marriage of Heaven and Hell," 193 in Keynes's edition.

²Vycinas, Earth and Gods, 137 and 138.

³Ibid., 152.

⁴Ibid., 278.

- ⁵Ibid., 278-79.
- ⁶Ibid., 279.
- ⁷Lynch, Christ and Apollo, 73.
- ⁸Dodd, Fourth Gospel, 206.
- ⁹Samson, 11. 1682-91, my italics.
- ¹⁰Lynch, 30.
- ¹¹Gardner, Gerard Manley Hopkins, II, 256.
- ¹²White, College Physics, 504.
- ¹³"A Cradle Song," 58 in Keynes's edition.
- ¹⁴Vycinas, 278-79.
- ¹⁵Heuser, Shaping Vision, 93-94.
- ¹⁶See f.n. 3 above
- ¹⁷Hartman, "Dialectic," 120.
- ¹⁸Luther quoted in Feuerbach, Essence, 79.
- ¹⁹Vycinas, 279.
- ²⁰Ibid., 286.

Chapter VI:

- ¹Andrewes, Sermons, 86.
- ²Ibid., 87.
- ³Ibid., 88, my italics.
- ⁴Feuerbach, Essence, 78.
- ⁵Ibid., 12-13.
- ⁶Ibid., 50.
- ⁷Ibid., 75.
- ⁸Ibid., 77.

- ⁹Ibid., 78.
- ¹⁰Eliot, Sel. Essays, 347.
- ¹¹Bergsten, Time and Eternity, 47-48.
- ¹²"Little Gidding," Four Quartets, 11. 207-213.
- ¹³Ibid., 11. 52-53.
- ¹⁴"Burnt Norton," F.Q., 1. 90.
- ¹⁵"Little Gidding," F.Q., 11. 200-201.
- ¹⁶"Burnt Norton," F.Q., 11. 35-37; 42-43.
- ¹⁷Kirk and Raven, Pre-Socratic, 196.
- ¹⁸Ibid., 199.
- ¹⁹"East Coker," F.Q., 11. 24-46.
- ²⁰"Dry Salvages," F.Q., 11. 15-19.
- ²¹Ibid., 11. 43-48.
- ²²Davie, Purity, 92.
- ²³Hartman, Unmediated, 64.
- ²⁴Ibid., 67.
- ²⁵Vycinas, Earth and Gods, 147-48, latter italics mine.
- ²⁶Ibid., 140.
- ²⁷Ibid., 142, my italics.
- ²⁸Eliot, After Strange Gods, 48.
- ²⁹Martin, Mastery, 59-60.
- ³⁰See Seidel, Heidegger, 87-99.
- ³¹Vycinas, 150. Vycinas here quotes from Heidegger's Hebel--der Hausfreund, Pfullingen: Neske, 1957, p. 34.
- ³²Ibid., 160.
- ³³Ibid., 172. Vycinas here quotes from Heidegger's Hölderlines Hymne, Halle a.d.G.: Neimeyer Verlag (n.d.), p. 31.

³⁴Ibid., 219, my italics.

³⁵Ibid., 172.

³⁶Miller, Disappearance, 3.

Chapter VII:

¹Buber, I and Thou, 4-5.

²Ibid., 7-8.

³Ibid., 75.

⁴Emerson's "Nature" (Chapter IV on "Language") quoted in Barfield, Poetic Diction, 92.

⁵Boyle, Metaphor, xii.

⁶Burnshaw, "Three Revolutions," Sewanee Review, LXX, 423.

⁷Boyle, 175.

⁸Vycinas, Earth and Gods, 84.

⁹Ibid., 150.

¹⁰Ibid., 51.

Conclusion:

¹Andreach, Studies, 36-37.

²Miller, Disappearance, 3.

³Heuser, Shaping, 9.

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REQUEST FOR DUPLICATION

RNG MARKEN

(author)

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June 81 W. Cude ST PETER'S NS ^{see page, incense page} p. iii W. Cude

Title page, Faculty page
p. iii

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